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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

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Tickets interchangeable with other Lines.

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ORMOND	14,853	—	Jan. 9	Jan. 11
CRONSAY	20,000	Feb. 7	Feb. 13	Feb. 15
ORMUZ	14,588	Feb. 21	Feb. 27	Mar. 1
ORAMA	20,000	Mar. 7	Mar. 13	Mar. 15
ORSOVA	12,036	Apl. 4	Apl. 10	Apl. 12
ORVIETO	12,133	May 2	May 8	May 10
OSTERLEY	12,129	May 30	June 5	June 7
ORAMA	20,000	June 27	July 3	July 5
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Tyres

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Hamilton's Irish Materials are preferred by well-dressed men and women; the choice designs are woven in pure wool which gives lasting wear. Direct trading ensures genuine fabric and low price.

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All Modern Comfort—Entirely Renovated
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We have no shop. Our showrooms are on the first and second floors.

**LLOYD'S IN TUBES.
THE ORIGINAL EUXESIS****FOR EASY SHAVING.**
Without the use of Soap, Water or Brush.

Put a Tube in your Kit Bag.

The Label of the ORIGINAL and GENUINE 'Euxesis' is printed with Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow Ground, and bears this TRADE MARK.

We bought the business with the recipe, trade mark, and goodwill from the Executrix of the late A. S. Lloyd. The genuine is now manufactured ONLY at our Factory.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c.

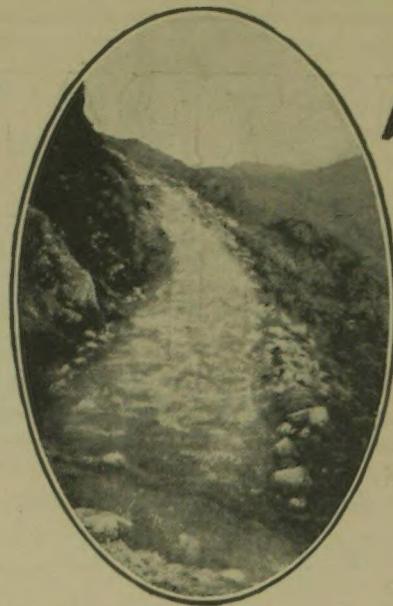
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R. HOVENDEN & SONS, LTD.,
Berners Street, W., and City Road, E.C.Welcome Always. Keep it Handy
Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy.The Liqueur
which gives a zest to life

There is none other quite equal to it. A big claim, but fully justified, because this famous Liqueur is the product of the pure juice of the delicious Kentish Morella Cherry and fine old Brandy, a combination which cannot be equalled by any other method. For nearly 100 years connoisseurs have acknowledged it to be pre-eminent amongst the world's liqueurs, and to-day higher than ever is the reputation of

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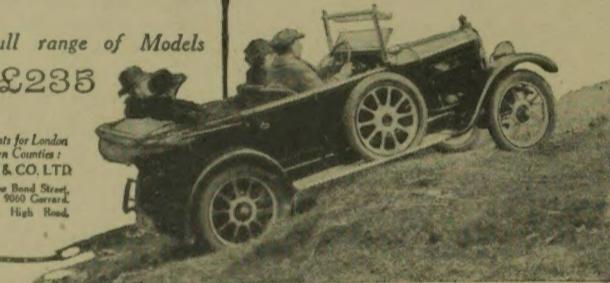
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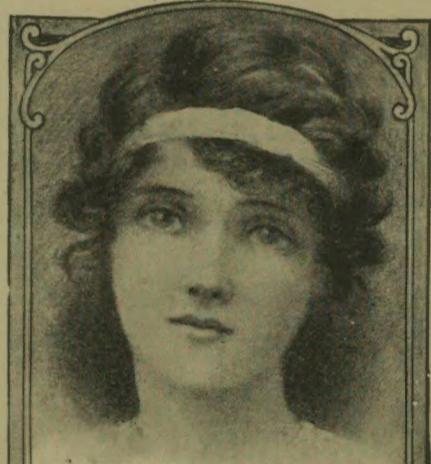
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SOIRÉES DE GALA.

Opened Dec. 1, 1924

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Take Care of the Texture
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That is the main point upon which real complexion beauty depends. The complexion which is roughened and coarsened can never be attractive. The regular use of

**BEETHAM'S
La-rola**

(as preservative)

gives the complexion a soft transparency and keeps it clear and healthy, so that the coldest wind cannot spoil its beauty. A few minutes spent in applying La-rola regularly night and morning on face, neck, hands and arms ensure you the kind of complexion which dreads no change of temperature.

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THE BEAUTY SPOT!

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Virginia Cigarettes

Black Print10's carton 8^d20's boxes 14^dGold Print

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20's boxes 16^d

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co.

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In Styles priced below, all thoroughly reliable. Tailored from guaranteed Cloths, all seams sewn, tapped and sealed and absolutely water-proof. Complete with storm collar, cuffs and Belt. Slit pockets. **SINGLE BREASTED.** As illustration, sizes 24 to 45 ins. Size 24 **12/9** ins. Price **12/9** ins. Rising 1/- every 3 inches up to 45 inches.

SCHOOL CAPES.
20 to 30 ins. Price 4/-
32 to 36 ins. Price 5/9
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An inspection of our New Showrooms invited. Badges for any School supplied.
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Your children will be safe from Ringworm, Rashes, and all skin ailments if you use Germolene.

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The Aseptic Skin Dressing

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I.L.N. 101.—Bleached Irish Linen Damask Tea or Lunch Cloths. Suitable for Hotels or Restaurants. Only a limited quantity to offer. 54 x 54 ins. Sale price, each **9/-**
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22 x 22 ins. Sale price, 6 for **9/6**
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I.L.N. 102.—Special value in grass bleached linen huck face towels with damask borders. Only 150 dozen to clear.

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I.L.N. 103.—Extra special value in very heavy pure Irish linen sheets. Good wearing quality. Will give every satisfaction. Plain hemmed. 2 x 3 yds. Sale price, per pr. **39/11**
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Sale price, per yard **2/11**

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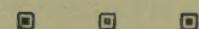
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Maison Lyons Chocolates

Four Shillings per Pound.

The little grey squirrel of the woods knows what is good for him..... Miss 1925, who is in the picnic but not in the picture, knows, too, that the delicate coverings of Maison Lyons Chocolates are unrivalled—each centre a delightful surprise.

Sold in the Salons at the Corner Houses, Maison Lyons and Lyons Teashops, in Theatres and Cinemas, and by good confectioners everywhere.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1925.

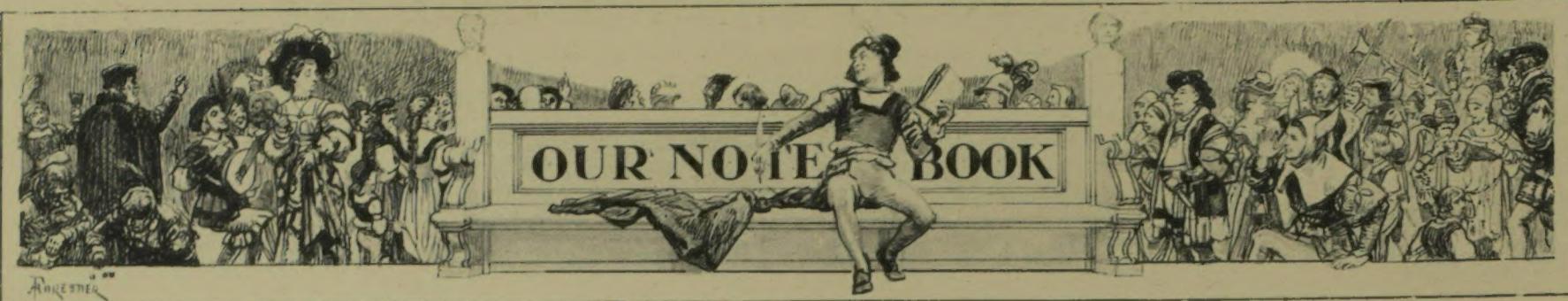
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A TYPE OF AFRICAN BIG GAME OF WHICH THE DUKE OF YORK LATELY WENT IN SEARCH: A BULL ELEPHANT IN HIS NATIVE WILDS PHOTOGRAPHED AT CLOSE RANGE.

The Duke and Duchess of York recently left Nairobi on a hunting expedition, and among other big game the Duke shot a charging rhinoceros (of the type illustrated on page 57) at thirty yards. It was stated that he intended to make a special trip to Marsabit in search of elephant. The above remarkably fine photograph was taken near Nimule, on the upper reaches of the White Nile, by Captain H. C. Brocklehurst, Game Warden to the Sudan Government. His own

description of the dramatic circumstances in which he obtained the photographs is given under our double-page illustration of one taken at even closer range. Both for the daring of the adventure and the excellence of the results, they form worthy companion pictures to that of a charging phalanx of African elephants, taken at twenty yards by Mr. Marius Maxwell, and reproduced as a four-page folding supplement in our issue of April 12 last.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE Drury Lane performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which almost avowedly turned it into a Christmas pantomime, did not, in my opinion, fail thereby in respect for its great traditional and almost religious beauty; for there can be nothing more Christian than Christmas and nothing more ancient than pantomime. Especially do I rejoice in the fact that the clowns really were clowns, in the sense of clowns and pantaloons. It seems to me quite as bad art to play Bottom in a quiet realistic way as to play Hamlet in a vulgar theatrical way. I know not if any dramatic critic has expressed the joy which one spectator at least felt in the impersonation of the Wall; certainly the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse; though the discourse consisted almost entirely of a laugh. But I have no intention of trespassing on the province of any such dramatic critics. I refer to this particular performance for the moment because it raises, as do all such performances, one particular question of historical and artistic setting. The bridal of Theseus and Hippolita was set in the stiff but strongly coloured framework of archaic Greek art, with the red clay and black profiles of Greek vases; and for the spectacular and pantomimic purpose the effect was very fine. But we all know in reading the play that Theseus is no more an archaic Achæan chief than Hamlet is a barbaric Danish Viking. If Theseus, like Snug the Joiner, could be induced to name his name and tell them plainly who he is, it would be soon apparent that he, Theseus, is not Theseus but Southampton, or Essex, or some genial gentleman of Elizabethan culture and exceedingly English good-nature. His making the best of a bad play is something I recognise as more unmistakable than St. George's Cross. I do not think that national virtue the one thing needful, but I think it very national. There may or may not have been a Greek Theseus; but I cannot imagine a French Theseus—still less an Irish one.

But I mention the matter here for another reason. There is a certain maxim that nearly everybody now repeats and I am disposed to dispute. It is of the sort not very easy to dispute; because it is not yet a proverb, though it is rapidly becoming a platitude. It is at that precise stage at which everybody says it, yet everybody thinks he is alone in saying it. It is said for the thousandth time with an irritating freshness, as if it were said for the first time. It is to this effect: that we only think our own age vulgar and past ages romantic because people in past ages did the same. They also thought their own clothes comic or commonplace, and the clothes of their grandfathers dignified and distinguished. Old clothes are only beautiful as distant hills are blue—with distance. Thus Mr. Kipling describes the prehistoric men as saying that Romance went with bone and flint and could not survive metals and fire. Thus many have said that my praise of the Guilds is only the recurrent retrospective romance of a past Golden Age. It is suggested that men always think the present prosaic and only the past poetical.

I venture to doubt it. And I will test it by this plain and practical test of theatrical costume. Suppose I suggested that "Hamlet," let us say, should be acted seriously in modern costume. It might be quite interesting—if occasionally rather amusing. It would begin, I suppose, with a sentinel in a busby, like the sentinel in "Iolanthe." Then Horatio would come out in evening dress, smoking a cigarette. And so on throughout, up to the last catastrophic scene when the Queen takes the tabloid and the King is shot with the automatic. Hamlet was in many ways very modern; and many of his sceptical meditations would sound very suitable to evening dress and a cigarette. Nevertheless, it would be impossible to prevent it seeming like a burlesque. Yet Garrick acted Macbeth in powdered hair and a coat and breeches of his own period; and it did not seem like a burlesque. Why? The simple reason is, I believe, that men in former ages did *not* have the contempt for their own costume that we have to-day. They did *not* think knee-

such details of daily life were really not felt as ignominious or farcical. Of course, there really is in all cases, and was in his case, a certain moderate and normal tendency to regard the remote past as something mystical and imaginative. But it is one thing to do that and another to regard your own hat as merely a bad joke or a blot on the Forest of Arden.

Of course, what is here remarked about dramatic art has often been remarked about pictorial art. But somehow the moral of it for the modern world has never been really discovered or driven home. Everybody knows that the most reverent of the old religious painters would represent the most sacred scenes in the commonest contemporary habit. Once or twice eccentric artists in France or Germany have painted scenes from the Gospel with a modern dress and background. Some were shocked at it as at a blasphemy. Some were thrilled by it as by a stimulating satire on modern hypocrisy. But nobody seems really to have asked why people were not apparently shocked or even thrilled by the same thing done in the Middle Ages or the Renaissance. It was not ignorance, even in mediæval times; certainly not in Renaissance times. Paul Veronese no more imagined that men wore doublets and lace collars at the Marriage in Cana than Garrick imagined that men wore ruffles and powdered hair in the savage Scotland of the Dark Ages. But the point is that they certainly did not think that lace collars or ruffles would spoil the picture: and we certainly do think that billycocks and white waist-coats would spoil the picture. Why? The question seems to me worthy of more intelligent reply than it has received. But anyhow, it is obviously not a reply to say that men always think their own things dull and degrading; because they don't.

The truth is, I think, that we underrate the historical importance of the acceptance of ugliness with the coming of the commercial epoch. There was almost as much vanity in men making themselves ugly as ever there was in men making themselves beautiful. It was not merely an unconscious change of taste; it was a conscious and even

breeches absurd, as we think trousers absurd. They did *not* think a triangular hat a joke, as we think a top-hat a joke. It is a modern custom to despise modern costume.

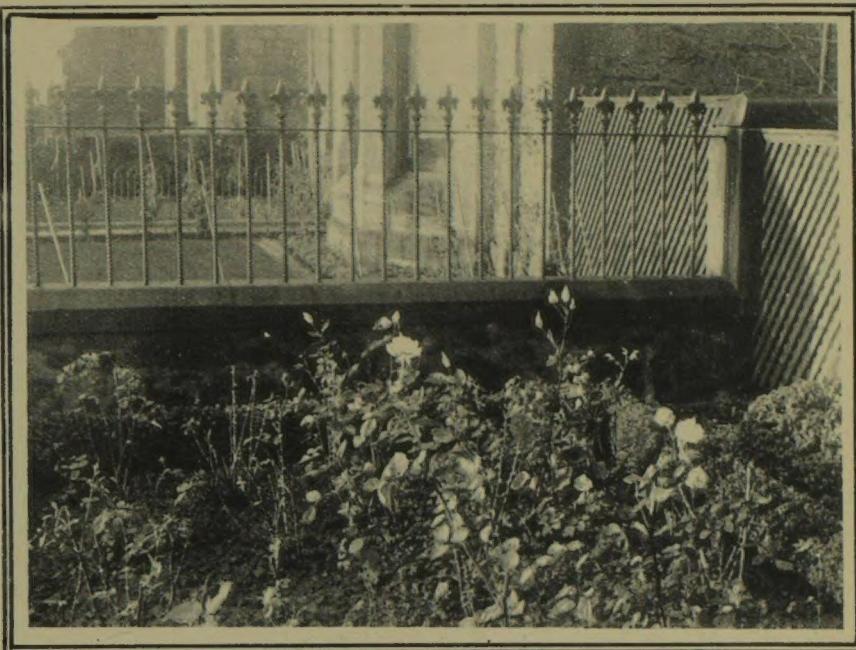
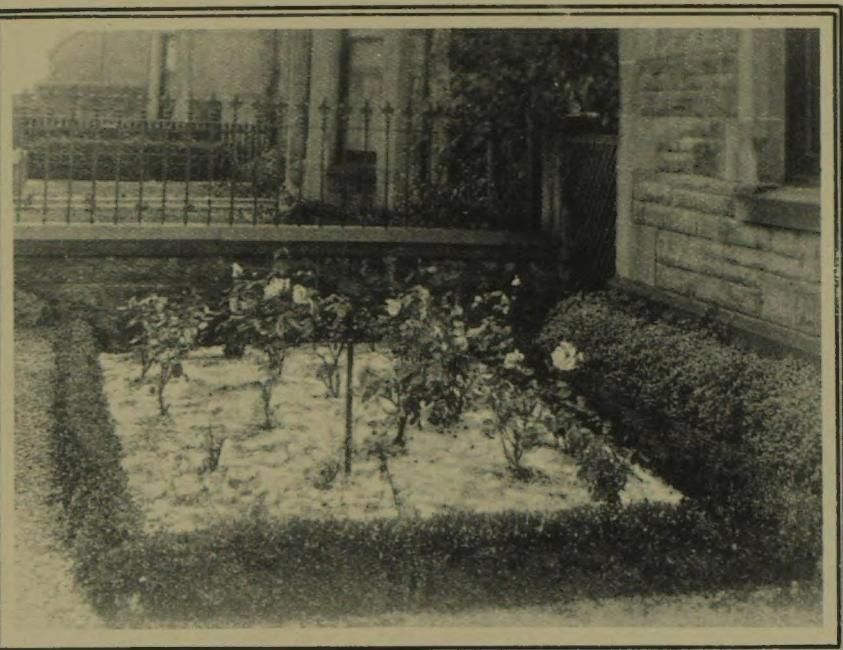
It is clear, I think, that Shakespeare thought of his most dignified figures in Elizabethan or Jacobean fashions. He saw Hamlet with a beard; I suspect he saw him with a ruff. The mortal combat is not the less heroic because Osric can gush over the new pattern of the swords. From the innumerable incidental allusions to sixteenth-century custom and costume in the Shakespearean plays, I am convinced that the poet thought in terms of his own time, even if it was, so to speak, when he was thinking without thinking. And nothing is so great in Shakespeare as those abrupt and unexpected bursts of thoughtless thought. But at least he cannot have felt the details altogether incongruous with the design. I take it that for various reasons cocksure proclamation of tastelessness. As with everything else, of course, there was a case for it in the sense of a cause for it. It was a symbol of a scheme of life; the black badge of a sect. It was parallel to, or perhaps connected with, the sombre setting of the Puritans. As in the case of the Puritans, it was sincerely associated with certain moral ideals. As the Covenanters connected gloom with virtue, the commercialists connected ugliness with virility. They thought it connoted a contempt for folly and idleness; anyhow, they had it. But the Puritans knew their garb was gloomy, and could not have helped feeling it was incongruous with anything gay. And so the Utilitarians knew their garb was ugly, and could not help feeling it was incongruous with anything beautiful. That tradition may now be only a tradition. But it is still strong upon us, because it was the tradition of a real and rigid creed. In this, as in so much else, we underrate the reality of creeds.

OUR ANAGLYPHS.

Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 76, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or two-pence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: ITEMS OF REMARKABLE INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. M. WHITEHEAD (ALVA), C.N., J. W. FIRTH (BRADFORD), SPECIAL PRESS, AND TOPICAL.



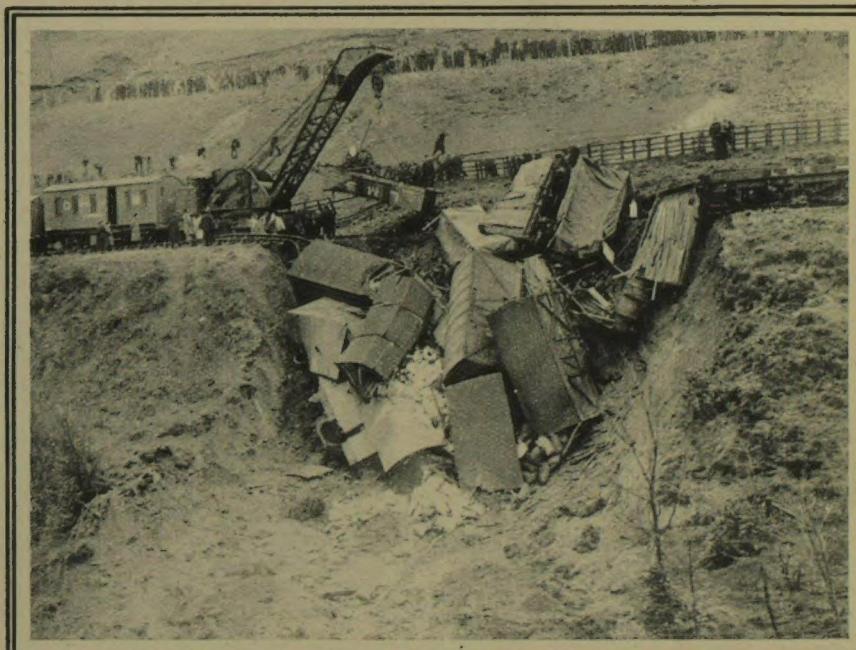
"THE FROSTS OF JUNE"—TYPICAL OF THE VAGARIES OF OUR CLIMATE:
A ROSE-PILOT IN SCOTLAND UNDER SNOW IN MIDSUMMER.

"ROSE LEAVES OF DECEMBER": THE SAME SCOTTISH ROSES, AT ALVA,
STIRLINGSHIRE, BLOOMING IN MIDWINTER, ON DECEMBER 30.



THE LARGEST OCTOPUS EVER SEEN IN YORKSHIRE:
A 6-FT. MONSTER AT WITHERNSEA.

OPENED BY THE SPEAKER ON NEW YEAR'S DAY: THE JOHN MACKINTOSH MEMORIAL HOMES AT HALIFAX,
BUILT IN MEMORY OF A WELL-KNOWN PHILANTHROPIST.



BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST BOA CONSTRICTORS BORN IN ENGLAND: THE MOTHER SNAKE AND SOME OF HER BROOD OF THIRTY YOUNG RECENTLY HATCHED AT OLYMPIA.
In sending us the two top photographs as illustrating the vagaries of the British climate, Mr. J. M. Whitehead, of Alva, in Stirlingshire, says: "The one shows a rose-plot in front of my house taken in June, during a fall of snow. The other is of the same roses blooming in the winter sunshine on the 30th of December. One or two of the blooms have survived the week-end storms." Thus is fulfilled the paradox in Swinburne's "Rococo": "But rose leaves of December The frosts of June shall fret, The day that you remember, The day that I forget."—An octopus 6 ft. long from tip to tail was found half buried in the sand on Withernsea beach on January 3. It has a fleshy body of dark red, with two long feelers and eight tentacles full of suckers.—The John Mackintosh Memorial Homes at Halifax, opened by the Speaker, Mr. J. H. Whitley, who is M.P. for

A TRAGIC FLOOD DISASTER IN WALES: THE WRECK OF A MINERAL TRAIN, WHOSE DRIVER AND FIREMAN WERE KILLED, CAUSED BY A LAND-SLIDE NEAR BARGOED—Halifax, were built and endowed by the Mackintosh family as a memorial to John Mackintosh, a man who was distinguished for his selfless capacity for public service. The homes, which are for old folk of small means, comprise twelve cottages and an Assembly Room, equipped with every modern comfort. The houses, lighting and heating, medical attention, and bedroom furniture are provided free.—Mr. F. G. Strumcke's 11-ft. boa constrictor, which is one of the attractions of the circus at Olympia, recently gave birth to thirty young, of which twenty-five survived.—Owing to a landslide caused by recent storms, the engine and some of the sixteen trucks of a goods train toppled over an embankment near Bargoed, Glamorgan, on January 3. The driver, George Cooper, and the fireman, William Morris, both of Abergavenny, were killed.

THE "ALL-BLACKS" CROWN THEIR VICTORIOUS CAREER: NEW ZEALAND BEATS "HOME" IN A GREAT "RUGGER" MATCH.

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY C.N.

A GAME IN WHICH INTENSE KEENNESS ON BOTH SIDES LED TO SOME ROUGH PLAY AT THE OUTSET: A DESPERATE STRUGGLE FOR THE BALL IN A LOOSE SCRUM.



GREETED BY THE VAST CROWD WITH WALES SHAKING HANDS WITH THE THEIR MANAGER, MR.



IMMENSE ENTHUSIASM: THE PRINCE OF "ALL BLACKS" TEAM, INTRODUCED BY S. S. DEAN (LEFT).

AN UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT: THE REFEREE, MR. A. E. FREETHY (WITH EXTENDED ARM) HAS TO ORDER AN "ALL BLACK" FORWARD OFF THE FIELD AFTER WARNING BOTH SIDES.



THE MOST DRAMATIC AND EXCITING INTERNATIONAL RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH ON RECORD: NEW ZEALAND v. ENGLAND AND SHOWING PART OF THE GREAT CROWD



AT TWICKENHAM—A GENERAL VIEW DURING A LINE-OUT FROM TOUCH, WITH THE ENGLISH GOAL IN THE BACKGROUND, OF 60,000 SPECTATORS IN THE STANDS.

The "Rugger" match between New Zealand (the "All Blacks") and England, played at Twickenham on January 3 before the Prince of Wales and a record crowd of some 60,000 spectators, has been described as the most dramatically exciting in the whole history of international Rugby football. The "All Blacks" won by one goal, one penalty goal, and three tries (17 points) to one goal, one penalty goal, and one try (11 points). England made a fine effort towards the end, raising their score from 3 to 11 points, but the recovery was too late. By winning this match the "All Blacks" crowned their triumphant career, having defeated all the 28 teams they have met during their tour in this country. The keenness of both sides was so great that at the beginning of the game there was a good deal of rough play, and an unfortunate incident occurred. "Scraping in the scrumage," writes Colonel Philip Trevor (in the "Daily Telegraph"), "began immediately, and in a minute or two blows were struck. Twice did Mr. Freethy, the referee, warn an Englishman, and twice did he warn

a New Zealander. His warnings having apparently no effect, he blew his whistle, and told both sets of forwards that he would send the next offender off the field. The next occasion came all too quickly, for the game was only ten minutes old when Cyril Brownlie was found guilty of the sort of offence of which at least four other players (two Englishmen and two New Zealanders) had been guilty. Mr. Freethy ordered him off the field in consequence. . . . Never before have I seen such action taken in an international match, and, in justice to the punished player, I ought to say that he has a reputation of being a very fair one. Still, as he, like others, lost hold of himself after comrades and opponents had been warned, he had to pay the penalty. Mr. Freethy referred magnificently, and in less capable hands this game would have become just chaos. . . . I could not help feeling sorry for the one man who was punished. He suffered for the sins of others (friends and foes) as well as for his own. . . . It will live in my memory as one of the greatest matches I have seen."

Cuan Bilang—“He himself hath said it.”

“TWENTY YEARS IN BORNEO.” By CHARLES BRUCE.*

IN these form-burdened days of Reports, Returns, and Red Tape, of self-determination and of pandering to politicians, the Man on the Spot is of less significance than he was; not because he lacks the initiative and understanding that proclaim the pioneer, but because wireless and the like have

sand-fly, in that ruddy speck, the tungau, which bores into the skin and then dies—and in the leech!

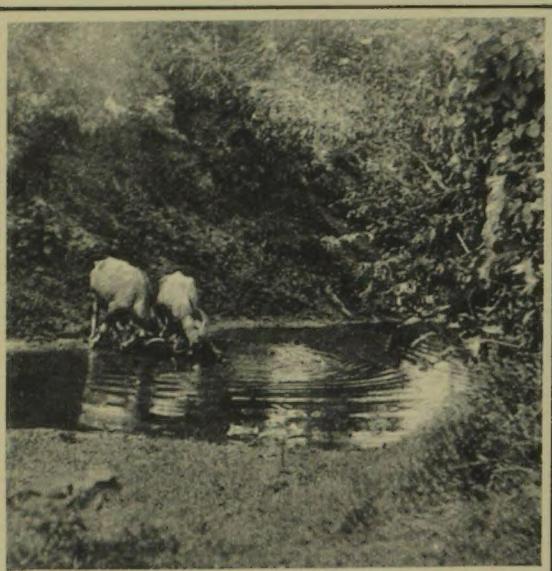
There were great compensations, however. Success in strategy, for example; otherwise, reading the enemy mind. Two cases in point. “In the real rebellion days of Mat Saleh,” notes Mr. Bruce, “a fort was a nut that took some cracking, but the minor forts of the scallywags did not often present much difficulty so long as one did not do the utterly obvious. For instance, one fort into which I walked by the back-door with a party of police would have been a most unpleasant enterprise if one had come up the front drive, so to speak. It was on a spur of a hill overlooking a river, with a track winding round and up the steep cliff. This path was plastered with bamboo spikes and traps, and was commanded by a most ingenious battery of heavy stones slung in rattans which could be loosed singly or in one grand salvo. A three days’ march enabled us to take this masterpiece from the rear, and, news of our arrival having spread, we found the birds flown and simply dropped in without trouble.” The second instance is an even better illustration of the recognition of particular psychology. Mr. Bruce describes it thus: “I managed to ‘get in’ some of the minor rebels by judiciously advertised fishing parties. For some reason dynamiting fish was a tremendous attraction, and a rumour that one was going up-country and proposed to let go a plug in some well-known pool often meant that some wretched outlaw would come along and surrender in order to be there.”

Writing of outlaws: “It was at one time *prima facie* evidence of outlawry to be found wearing a pair of tight breeches. The Bajau and Ilanun ‘nuts,’ aping the Sulus, affect very tight and very bright trouserings, usually embroidered, not unlike Jodhpurs. The leaders of all the rebellions had been members of one or other of these tribes, and had carried the fashion into the hills when they retired there. The hill Dusun until then had been content with his bark ‘chawat,’ an exiguous garment of the sporran type, just adequate for the purposes of decency. He learned to imitate his leaders’ garments, and soon all the Susies in the hills were busy sewing pants for Dusuns, pants into which it seemed that the wearer must have been poured. The dread fiat then went forth, and one diagnosed loyalty or otherwise by the sartorial efforts of those one met.”

Justice, it may be presumed, did not often err; for when the District Officer sat on Thursdays as magistrate, and duly “Thursdayed” the accused, he gained unrivalled experience. Buffalo-theft was the prevailing crime dealt with at Tempasuk. And “buffalo lore is a mass of technicalities. . . . The rate of growth of the horn is often an important point in a case, while the length and shape of the horn is frequently one of the prime distinguishing marks alleged by a claimant. In some districts

race, though one gentleman, in an expansive moment when a draught of rice beer had mellowed him, claimed to be the inventor and owner of the exclusive rights in a system whereby he could obliterate existing whorls and substitute others. . . . The whorls on a buffalo might be anything from one to six in number, and were liable to occur apparently on any part of the beast’s anatomy. It must often have raised hopes in the accused’s mind of an abrupt termination to his case when he beheld his worship on all-fours peering at the stomach of some more than usually restive buffalo resenting the close approach of a European.”

Equally odd was that trial for which a sergeant of police numbered the prisoners and the stolen buffaloes. The idea was excellent; but “none of the parties, none of the witnesses, and only one of



WEALTH AT WAR: BUFFALOES FIGHTING IN NORTH BORNEO.

In the district of Tempasuk “the native wealth and the most important industry (a euphemism which will serve) lie in cattle and water-buffaloes.”

brought him within meddling distance of those who sit at their ease and think that they know better. Prescient and powerful the present system may be, yet it is hard to disagree with Mr. Bruce when he recounts the milestones and finds the bridle-paths before him paved with good intentions but less intriguing than the rude tracks he stumbled and sweated over in years that are gone.

It was at the end of 1901 that he joined the Armed Constabulary of North Borneo—after a brief and varied “career” as a member of the Rugby School Cadet Corps, an officer in a volunteer battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, articled clerk to a solicitor and to an accountant, “chore-boy” on a Canadian farm, cook in a lumber camp, and paper-seller on a train.

Within a brief space he was one of the potters thumbing an Imperial vessel into shape—“Tuan bilang,” “He himself hath said it”—a District Officer holding patriarchal, autocratic sway, without a white to “play at speaks” with him save by means of the long-distance telephone, or when a stray hunter, geologist, or “height merchant” wandered in on sport or science bent or determined to climb Kinabalu. Solitary indeed, but satisfied to serve.

Difficulties were numerous and new. By no means all the native chiefs made him brother, exchanging drops of blood in rice-beer drunk and in palm-leaf-wrapped cigarette. Danger lurked not only with the wild denizens of the jungle and the plain, but in the rebellious, who were ever ready to use sharpened bamboo as “wire,” set spring traps whose barbed spears flashed out as rattan trip-lines were touched, wield the reddened axe, or puff the upas-laden dart through the sumpitan, the noiseless blow-pipe that is the characteristic weapon of the Borneo native. It was in the hand-shake, too—one O.C. made frequent dashes, during durbars, to disinfect his hands in a bowl of diluted permanganate—and in epidemics; cholera, and smallpox amongst them, the latter curbed by vaccination with Government lymph on a penknife set with a razor hone. And it was in fever and in polluted water, in food, in mosquito, in



ONE WITH A HEAD, IN ITS WRAPPINGS; THE OTHER ARMED WITH A BLOW-PIPE: “THE HEAD-HUNTERS.” The blow-pipe—carried by the man on the right—is usually six feet long with a quarter-inch bore. The dart is made from the rib of a palm leaf sharpened at one end and fitted at the other with a plug of pith to fit the bore.

Photograph by G. C. Woolley.

the sitting magistrates was sufficiently literate to read even numbers. . . . After a hasty conclave, a messenger was dispatched hot-foot to the

shops with orders to purchase a piece of any material (paper or cloth) that he could find there so long as the colours were distinctive. He returned with a motley collection, the outstanding features of which were two gaudy chaplets of artificial flowers. These were allotted to two of the cow buffaloes as being more appropriate to their sex. These ungainly beasts, leering through these floral wreaths, had a Bacchanalian air of which I had not deemed them capable. The colours proved insufficient to go round, and one prisoner was granted the temporary use of a very dilapidated straw hat belonging to the magistrate. The case proceeded in terms of ‘the pink prisoner was found in possession of the scarlet buffalo’ and ‘the prisoner in the straw hat was riding the cow buffalo wearing the blue chaplet.’”

Thus an upholder of Empire, writing entertainingly and wisely on many a subject cognate to his text; of the official and his duties, pleasant

and unpleasant; of tribal traits and tribal ways; of hunting and being hunted; of jaunts and journeys; of the past and of the future. Those who read his book will rejoice that he ate of the fruit of the tree of travel.

E. H. G.



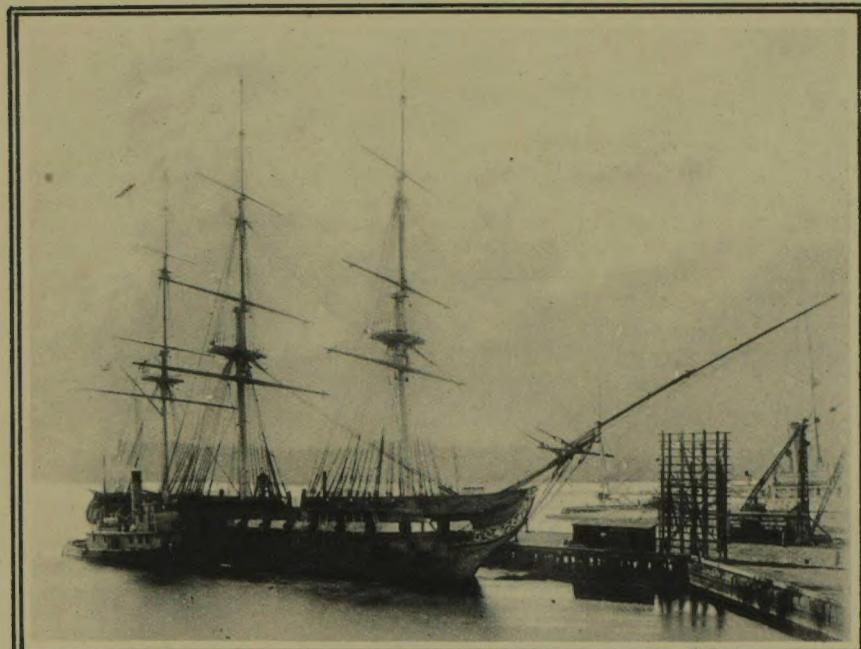
A STRANGELY-MOUNTED “FLYING SQUAD” IN BORNEO: POLICE ON BUFFALOES.

Reproductions from “Twenty Years in Borneo,” by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Cassell.

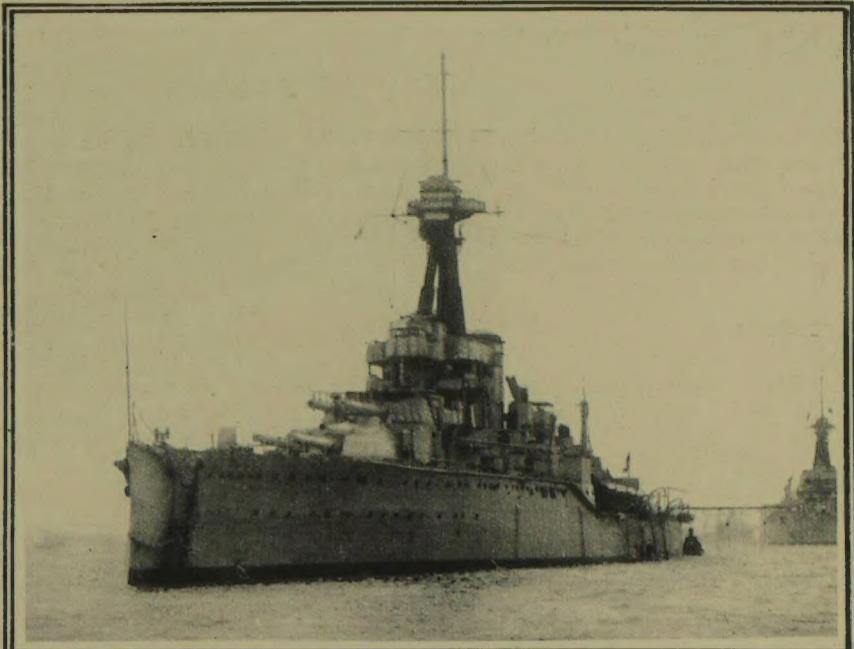
lopping and nicking of the ears are in vogue as proprietary marks, but in the Tempasuk most owners rely on the ‘ibul-ibul,’ or whorls, in the rough, bristly coat of the buffalo. These whorls are said to be as permanent as are finger-prints in the human

AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF RECENT EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., TOPICAL, AND I.B.



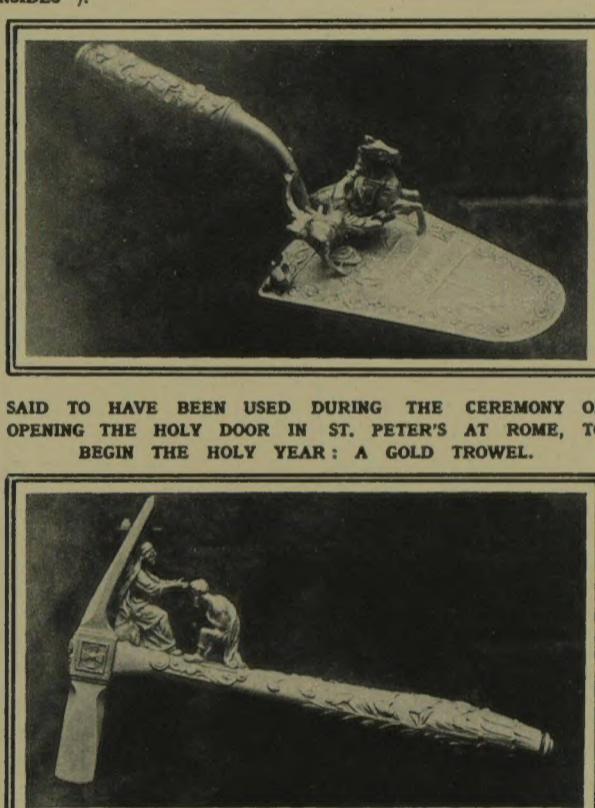
THE FIRST U.S. WAR-SHIP BUILT AFTER THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, POSSIBLY TO BE REPAIRED FOR 400,000 DOLLARS: THE "CONSTITUTION" (POPULARLY KNOWN AS "OLD IRONSIDES").



TO BE SUNK IN THE ATLANTIC, PROBABLY ON JANUARY 16, BY THE ATLANTIC FLEET, UNDER THE WASHINGTON TREATY: THE OLD BRITISH BATTLE-SHIP H.M.S. "MONARCH."



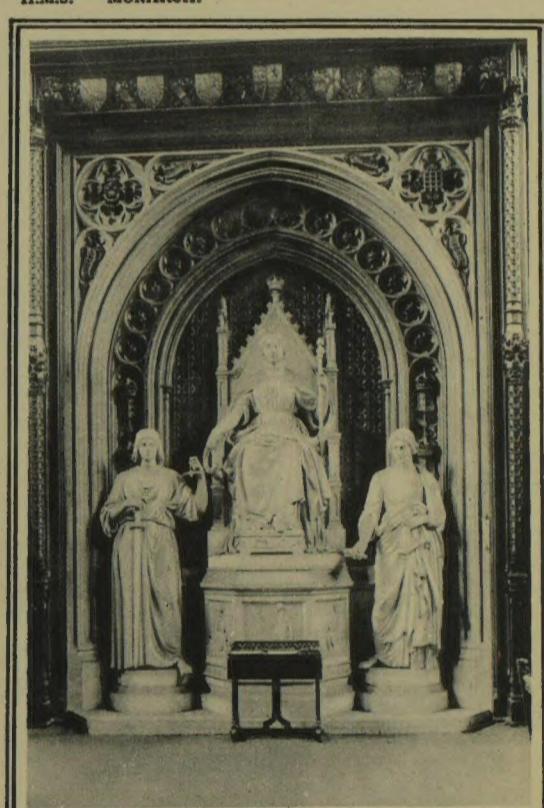
THE LARGEST MOTOR LINER IN SERVICE AND PROBABLY THE FIRST OF MANY: THE S.S. "AORANGI" (18,000 TONS) LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE.



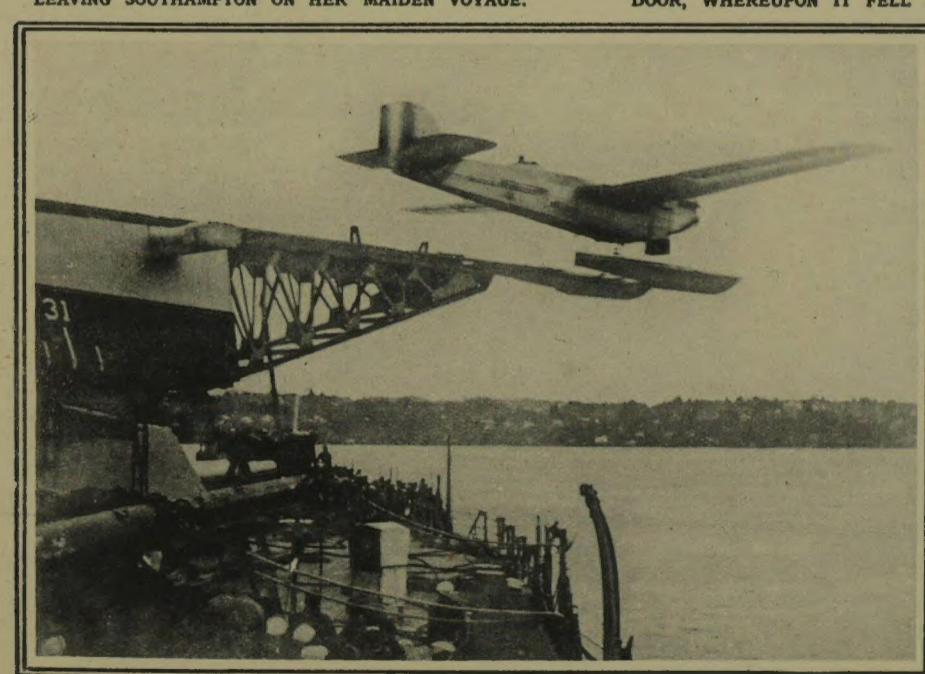
SAID TO HAVE BEEN USED DURING THE CEREMONY OF OPENING THE HOLY DOOR IN ST. PETER'S AT ROME, TO BEGIN THE HOLY YEAR: A GOLD TROWEL.



USED BY POPE PIUS XI. ON CHRISTMAS EVE: THE GOLD HAMMER WITH WHICH HE STRUCK THRICE ON THE HOLY DOOR, WHEREUPON IT FELL SLOWLY BACKWARD.



A SUBJECT OF CONTROVERSY: THE HOUSE OF LORDS STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA, WHICH IT IS PROPOSED TO TRANSFER TO MAKE ROOM FOR A WAR MEMORIAL.



DESCRIBED AS THE FIRST USE OF AN EXPLOSIVE CATAPULT TO LAUNCH AN AEROPLANE: THE MACHINE LEAVING THE U.S.S. "MISSISSIPPI" AT A SPEED OF 55 M.P.H.



THE FAIRYLAND OF SCIENCE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION: A DELIGHTED AUDIENCE ROUND MR. FRANK BALFOUR BROWNE AFTER A LECTURE.

According to a note with the photograph, "Congress is being asked to vote 400,000 dollars to repair the old ship 'Constitution'—far more than it cost to build."—H.M.S. "Monarch," launched in 1911, is to be sunk in the Atlantic by the Atlantic Fleet, which leaves Portland on the 15th for Gibraltar.—The new motor-liner "Aorangi," built on the Clyde for the Union Steamship Company, of New Zealand, left Southampton recently on her maiden voyage of 17,000 miles to Sydney.—The Holy Door in St. Peter's at Rome was ceremonially opened on Christmas Eve, to inaugurate the Jubilee Year, by Pope Pius XI. The ceremony was illustrated in our issue of January 3, and a previous one in that of

December 20.—Protests have been made against the proposed transference of the Queen Victoria statue in the Princes Chamber in the House of Lords to the head of the Great Staircase in the Victoria Tower, to make room for a War Memorial. Lord Curzon, as chairman of the committee, explained that no other site was available, and that the King has consented to the change, as well as a majority of the Peers.—An aeroplane was recently launched from the U.S.S. "Mississippi" from a catapult fired with 14 lb. of smokeless powder.—The Christmas lectures to children at the Royal Institution this season have been delivered by Mr. Frank Balfour Browne, on the habits of insects.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE VAGARIES OF TUSKS.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

I HAVE just been examining one of the strangest elephant tusks I have ever seen, and I venture to say that it is unique of its kind. It is a tusk, in short, made up of no fewer than eight separate teeth, and all of different sizes, growing together in a bundle. It was taken from an elephant shot at the north end of Lake Rukwa, Tanganyika Territory, by Mr. W. B. Robertson, on account of its having taken to raiding native gardens, where a great deal of damage can be done in a very short space of time.

Before it was killed it was clear that something unusual had happened to one of its tusks, for it showed as a mere stump. The other was evidently normal, though of no great size, as elephants' tusks go, weighing no more than thirty-six pounds. When first examined in the dead animal, before it was cut out, the abnormal tusk had the appearance of having been splintered in some way. On removal, the part which had been enclosed within the socket was found to be embedded in a matrix of dense connective tissue, while the base was filled with pulp. When it

markedly curved, it has the same general contour, and bears similar longitudinal flutings on the flattened concave surface, though these are less numerous than in the larger specimen. In the Berlin Museum is a third specimen of this same strange type, about which we have still much to learn, all our information so far having come from native sources.

Were it not that I have something to say of some other tusks, of a very different animal, I should like to enlarge a little not merely on the tusks of elephants, but on their dentition in general, more especially on their enormous and complex molars. But these must await another occasion. These other tusks are those of that strange cetacean, the narwhal, for I have just received some notes on these which are very interesting, inasmuch as they are made by an Esquimaux who, for the present, is living in London.

By way of preface, I would remark that the tusks of the elephant are enlarged incisor or cutting-teeth,

while those of the narwhal belong to the "cheek-teeth" series. As a rule, only one, the left, is developed, the right tooth remaining a mere rod of bone within the socket. Now and then, however, for some unfathomable reason, both tusks are developed, and are of nearly equal size. Two such examples are to be seen in the whale-room of the British Museum of Natural History; the longest of these tusks measures 6 ft. 2½ in. As everybody knows, the tusk of the narwhal is spirally twisted—or, to put it another way, is spirally fluted. But it is by no means so well known that when both tusks are developed, the flutings have the same turn in both, unlike the spiral twists of the horns of antelopes, which are always opposite.

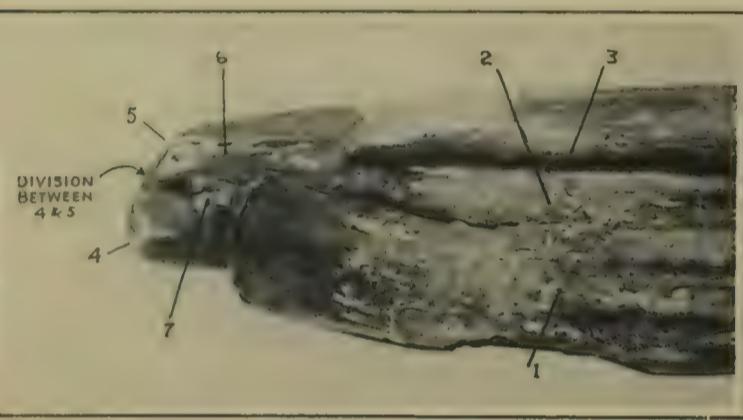
All sorts of theories have been advanced

to account for these teeth and the uses to which they are put, but it seems to me that we are still in the dark. The Esquimaux just referred to, however, asserts that they are used for spearing salmon, which ascend the rivers to spawn in such vast numbers as to pack into an almost solid mass of writhing bodies. Taken thus at a disadvantage, they could easily enough be speared on these tusks; but, if once transfix, how could they be got off again? The poor beast would be in the position of the donkey induced to run by holding a bunch of carrots in front of his nose at the end of a line! But let us suppose that a

hefty salmon has thus been speared, and has been dislodged by "going into reverse" at speed, how is the prize to be eaten—for, save these tusks, the narwhal has no other teeth either in upper or lower jaws, and, besides, he has a very small mouth?

The Esquimaux who has made these statements as to the use of the tusks, it is to be noted, is not speaking of his own knowledge, but from hearsay. On the part of the coast whence he comes—Baffin Land—adult narwhals are rarely seen, but immature specimens are, apparently, not infrequent. These have no teeth whatever. Only adult males bear tusks, though this Esquimaux tells us that the two are always present in the females, though quite small. This is not the case. In the female both tusks are indeed present, but they are no more than short rods enclosed within the bony framework of the jaw.

According to others, the tusk—for it is rare indeed to find two equally developed—is used in fighting with rivals. This may be so, since the old-time whaler, Scoresby, tells us that he has seen a number of these strange "Lancers" sparring with their tusks, and the play of animals is always related to the sterner incidents of life. Yet a third theory is that



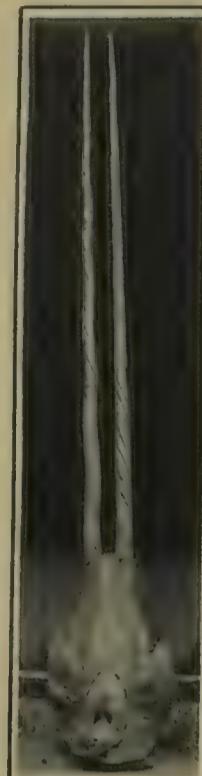
SHOWING WHERE THE ELEPHANT HAD AN ABSCESS: A "FREAK" TUSK FORMED OF EIGHT SEPARATE TEETH IN A BUNDLE.

Mr. Pycraft describes this photograph as showing "a 'bundle' of teeth forming the tusk of an elephant. Seven are seen here; the lowermost shows a grooved and pitted band marking the seat of an abscess. The smallest tooth lies wedged between the lowermost tooth and the upper tooth. Beyond the ends of these three last, four others are seen. What appears to be the largest of all is really made up of two teeth; they form the background to the remaining two."—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]

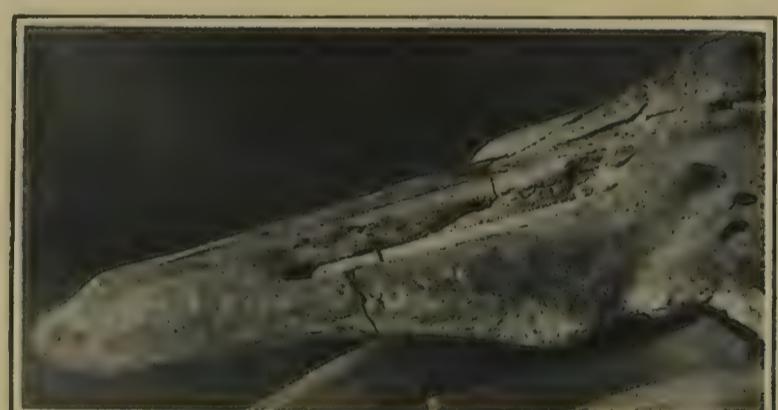
was shown to me, I was asked if I could explain what had happened. This was not easy to do with any degree of certainty. But, since each of these separate teeth had its own pulp-cavity, it would seem that the dental papilla, or tooth-germ, which normally gives rise to but one tooth, had in some way been broken up before the actual formation of dental tissue had begun. As soon as the process of tooth formation started, each of the separate pieces of formative tissue proceeded to form a separate tooth, the size of the tooth being determined by the size of its germ. The largest in this bundle measured 15 in. in length, the smallest no more than 3½ in.

Some injury to the jaw during very early infancy—a bullet-wound or a spear-thrust—may have started the trouble, and at a much later period the poor beast must have suffered from a dreadful abscess which at first, it would seem, caused a considerable thickening in the diameter of one of the teeth in this strange bundle, and later, it is clear, some of the "phagocytes" in the accumulated pus started to eat away the redundant tissue, as will be seen in the deep groove cut out of the tooth in the above photograph.

Malformed elephant tusks are rare. There are two remarkable specimens in the British Museum of Natural History which have grown in a spiral, like a corkscrew. Much more remarkable were two tusks exhibited at a meeting of the Zoological Society in 1905 by the Hon. Walter (now Lord) Rothschild, which had been obtained by Baron Maurice de Rothschild in Abyssinia. They were, indeed, so unlike the normal tusks of any known animal as to suggest the possibility that they belonged to some unknown creature. A cast of one of these shows a highly curved and much flattened tusk of about two feet in length, marked on the broad concave surface by a number of bold longitudinal flutings. Two years later three small tusks of female elephants came into the possession of the Museum. They were obtained during the Alexander-Gosling expedition from Lake Chad to the Congo, and one of these presents a striking likeness to the larger tusk just described. Though smaller, and less



BOTH FLUTED SPIRALLY IN THE SAME DIRECTION: TWO TUSKS DEVELOPED FROM THE SKULL OF A NARWHAL. The above two tusks show the usual beautifully fluted surface, the spirals forming which are the same on both—not opposite, as in the spiral horns of Antelopes. Photo, by E. J. Manly.



"A MERE ROD OF BONE WITHIN THE SOCKET": A VESTIGIAL TUSK.

This photograph is described as showing "a vestigial tusk lying within its socket, a mere rod of bone without flutings. It is always the right tusk which is suppressed when there is but one tusk developed in adult males."

Photograph by E. J. Manly.

it is used as an "ice-breaker" to provide holes in the ice for breathing purposes. This, however, seems very improbable.

But surely the strangest feature of all about the tusk of this creature concerns the uncut tooth. It is the rule—one might with safety say the invariable rule—that once any structure has become reduced to the condition of a vestige it can never again recover its former size and structure. The vestigial condition of the hip-girdle and hind-limb of the cetacea affords a case in point. What, then, are we to say of this vestige of a tusk, which shows no trace even of the fluting so characteristic of the fully developed tooth?

Finally, we lack any information as to the manner in which this tusk forces its way through the blubber at the end of the snout, for it does not emerge from beneath the upper lip, as does the tusk of the elephant.



THE MYSTERY OF THE NARWHAL'S TUSK: AN ADULT NARWHAL AS IT APPEARS IN LIFE, WITH A YOUNG ONE (ON THE LEFT).

"It will probably be found that a number of small teeth are present in the jaw at this stage, but which disappear as age advances. So far, however, no immature animals seem ever to have been examined for the purpose of ascertaining this information."

COSMIC EFFECTS OF RAIN: "BRAKES" ON THE EARTH'S ROTATION.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.S.A., F.R.A.S., ETC.



SHOWING HOW ABNORMAL RAINFALL, MARINE EARTHQUAKES, AND SOUTH POLAR ICE DISTURB THE EARTH'S SURFACE LOAD AND IMPEDE AXIAL ROTATION: CAUSES OF THE RECENTLY OBSERVED RETARDATION.

"Observations made at Greenwich and other observatories," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "have established the fact that many celestial objects, such as the Sun, Moon, and Mercury, are now ahead of their tabular places. Mathematicians are inclined to attribute this circumstance to a temporary retardation in the rate of rotation of the earth on its axis, in which case these bodies would naturally appear ahead of their calculated positions. While such a change in the rate of axial velocity is seen in a corresponding change of position of the heavenly bodies, the earth's twenty-four-hour spin is still used to check our clocks. The change is attributed to the earth's load not always being equally distributed over the surface. Above are given three instances, each of which

is sufficient in itself to create a sensible change. The weight of matter, which may be in the solid, liquid, or aeriform state, is continually shifting, and accumulating in one part more than another, thus disturbing the earth's equilibrium. Surface load is sensibly affected over large areas by marine earthquakes, which change the ocean bed and alter the sea level. An abnormal load may also be caused by rainfall over a continent. Barometric pressure is also a factor to be reckoned with. The annual accumulation of ice and snow in the Antarctic regions is the best example known of transference of surface load. The water melted off in the spring and summer months is eventually distributed as far as the equator."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE BIRTHPLACE OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS.

GREAT DISCOVERIES AT LEPTIS MAGNA, AN IMPERIAL ROMAN CITY OF NORTH AFRICA.

By PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR, OF ROME, THE WELL-KNOWN ARCHAEOLOGIST.

[The figures in brackets correspond to the numbers of the illustrations on this and succeeding pages.]

THE Italian Government is carrying out very brilliantly the task it has set itself since the occupation of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica—that of the thorough exploration of their great archaeological remains. Few countries of the ancient world can boast such a wealth of monuments of the past as these two African provinces. Four civilisations, from the prehistoric ages down to the Turkish Conquest in 1550, have left, in as many superposed strata, the records of their rise, acme, and fall: the early Libyan, the Greek and the Roman, in Cyrenaica; the Libyan again, the Phoenician and the Roman, in Tripolitania; and over these, as the last, but not the least important, the Arabic in both those regions.

The most recent discoveries have been made in Tripolitania. Since 1920, chiefly after the appointment of his Excellency Count Volpi as Governor of that province, very important and extensive excavations have been executed on many ancient sites of that territory, the most fruitful of which are those of Lebda—Leptis Magna—where splendid monuments of the Roman domination were lately brought to light.

Leptis Magna, so called by the Romans to distinguish it from a minor Semitic settlement of the same name—Leptis Parva—near the Carthaginian frontier, was the leading city of the ancient Tripolitania, the other two being Ocea, the present Tripoli, and Sabrata, now Zuaghra. Founded by the Sidonians on the coast between the promontories of Ras El-Msel and Ras Serik, about seventy miles east of Tripoli, where the mouth of the Wady Lebda allowed the construction of a safe interior harbour, Leptis Magna grew, in progress of time, to such importance and extent as to occupy a space about four miles in circuit. Its great beauty, the fertility of its surroundings, and the wealth of its inhabitants, excited the admiration of the ancients. It was also a great emporium for trade. The city was almost entirely rebuilt after the Roman Conquest, and especially in imperial times by Septimius Severus, who was a native of Leptis. He bestowed upon it the *jus Italicum*, with the exemption from property tax, and restored, modernised, and beautified his beloved birthplace. Amongst the most costly buildings of this period are to be mentioned the Palace of the Emperor himself, his sacred *Aedicula*, or shrine, the Great Thermae, or Public Baths, the Aqueducts, the Circus, the Amphitheatre, a quadri-frontal Arch like that of Marcus Aurelius at Ocea, and many other constructions, some visible and some buried under the dunes of fine yellow sand, which are continually shifted and displaced by the winds: a condition of things which renders excavations in this district very difficult and expensive. The city was laid waste by the Arabs in the seventh century; and it is from that time that the site has been abandoned, and the dunes have been formed by the sand brought over it by windstorms from the north shore, and from the desert strip of coast further west (Figs. 4, 5 and 7).

The excavations at Lebda are chiefly due to the young Roman archaeologists, Dr. Romanelli and Dr. Bartoccini, under the chief direction of Commendatore Micacchi, the Keeper of the Department of Archaeology at the Italian Ministry of Colonial Affairs, to whom we are indebted for the greater part of the following information.

After the surveys of the late Professor Mariani and Dr. Aurigemma, a preliminary campaign of diggings was carried out in the area of Leptis Magna in 1920, beginning in the quarter of the Thermae. This very complex building was buried under a mound of sand 29 feet deep. The first part unearthed was the vast Calidarium, or hall for the hot bath. Near it the Frigidarium, or cold bath, was found, almost perfectly preserved, being a beautiful hall with its columns in place, and the large basin for ablutions still gleaming with its marble lining. Other minor rooms came to light in the progress of the works. But the most imposing feature in this huge edifice, all built with enormous

squared blocks of local stone, is its colossal walls and arcades, which look like a work of Giants and Titans (Figs. 10 and 12). Almost equal in grandeur, and more finely elaborated, are the walls and colonnades of the imperial Palace of Septimius Severus (Fig. 9). This majestic residence was found to occupy a surface of more than 35,800 square yards, an area which is scarcely reached by any of the great Minoan Palaces of Crete. In one of its halls to the north side, a portion of a marble frieze with an inscription

where fine mosaic pavements with geometric patterns came to light.

The inscriptions, statues, architectural remains, carved stones (including some very curious roundels, or circular stone discs) (Fig. 2), vases, and other things found, are so numerous that the Italian administration has been compelled to build a special museum in the neighbouring town of Homs, where henceforth all the archaeological finds of Leptis will be collected, reserving only the chief pieces for the central museum of Tripoli. A very fine torso of Apollo (Fig. 1), one of the best specimens of Greek sculpture as yet discovered in Tripolitania, has been already sent there. The Leptitan Museum is the fourth archaeological collection established by the Italian Department of Antiquities in Libya, the three others being the one above-mentioned, at Tripoli; the Museum at Benghafsi, the richest of all in Greek sculptures; and the Antiquarium at Cyrene.

The wealthy Roman citizens of Leptis possessed farms, villas, and summer resorts on the hills, in the oases, and along the coast of the surrounding territory. One of these villas, a very luxurious seashore residence, has been excavated some miles east from Lebda, near the port and oasis of Zliten, in a locality called Buk Amara. This large building, with plenty of elegant apartments for the landlord and his guests, distributed on the sides of a long corridor, was adorned, like the richest houses of Pompeii, with wall paintings and mosaic pavements, which are the finest as yet discovered in North Africa. The two best frescoes are a pretty scene of Nereids, Amorini, and Tritons (Fig. 14), and another with the effeminate figure of a young Dionysos (Bacchus) sitting on a panther, his well-known attribute (Fig. 13). Among the mosaics, one represents allegorical figures of the four seasons, distributed on the four sides of a square (Fig. 16). In the middle at the top is the personification of Winter with a heavy mantle, and his head covered by a dark cloth like that used by the modern Tuaregs of the Sahara. The middle spaces of the left and right side are occupied by the figures of Spring and Summer, the former crowned with flowers, the latter with ears of corn. Autumn is represented in the lower centre with his head adorned by two nosegays of autumnal blooms. The right and left borders of the composition reproduce, in lively forms and colours, various animals of the Libyan fauna: mammals, birds, and fishes, together with two lovely scenes of dwarfs fighting against sylvan and aquatic birds. Another piece contains an idyllic picture, in which the influence of Alexandrine art is recognisable: a Libyan farm with a scene of threshing (Fig. 17) by wild horses and oxen, which trample upon the sheaves and are whipped by naked peasants in the manner still in use among the Berbers and Bedouin. A third example, representing gladiators and beast-fighters, is the most splendid among Roman-African mosaics for both design and colours. Our picture (Fig. 15) reproduces only a part of it. Noticeable elsewhere in the square is the cruel torture of two Libyan prisoners fastened to a pole in a small chariot and exposed to the assault of a leopard and a panther. Indigenous plants, flowers, and animals, mixed with geometric designs, are the principal elements in the decoration of the other mosaics, more or less well preserved in the different pavements of the villa. The best pieces have now been restored and transferred to the Museum of Tripoli.

This city, the modern capital of the province, is built on the site of ancient Ocea, which was only a third-rate town both in Phoenician and Roman Tripolitania. Tripoli, however, possesses what is the chief historical monument of the Roman domination in this region, the quadri-frontal Arch erected in honour of the wise Emperor Marcus Aurelius by the Ocean citizens. This masterpiece of Roman architecture and

sculpture, which was found half-buried and reduced to a deplorable condition when the Italian occupation took place in 1912, has since been completely restored: and now, thoroughly disinterred and isolated in the middle of its original paved square, it forms the chief ornament of the renewed city. The photograph (Fig. 6) on page 54 shows what the arch was like in its own times, and how it presents the same aspect to-day.



FIG. 1.—ONE OF THE FINEST EXAMPLES OF GREEK SCULPTURE FOUND AT LEPTIS MAGNA IN TRIPOLITANIA: A TORSO OF APOLLO.

dedicated to Septimius Severus was discovered. This inscription is not complete, but we know from Procopius that Septimius Severus had dedicated his African Palace to his own Fortune, "Fortunae Suæ." This inscribed entablature has been restored to its place over the Corinthian columns (Fig. 8). The dimensions of the hall are 80 yards in length and 28 in width. In the course of deeper excavations numerous fragments of its magnificent decoration



FIG. 2.—WITH HUMAN FIGURES AND ANIMALS CARVED IN RELIEF: SOME VERY CURIOUS ROUNDELS (CIRCULAR STONE DISCS) OF NATIVE WORKMANSHIP FOUND AT LEPTIS MAGNA.

Photographs by the Archaeological Department of the Italian Ministry for Colonial Affairs. Supplied with Notes by Professor Federico Halbherr.

have been found, together with some of the columns, which divided it into naves. These are partly still in place, being colossal marble monoliths adorned with sculptures in high relief.

Besides these works, further researches were made in other groups of monumental buildings, as in the area of the Severian sanctuary (Fig. 11), along the aqueducts, at the port, and in a suburban building,

LOST IN THE SANDS OF TIME: LEPTIS MAGNA—GROUND AND AIR VIEWS.

UPPER PHOTOGRAPH BY THE ARCHEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE ITALIAN MINISTRY FOR COLONIAL AFFAIRS; SUPPLIED WITH NOTES BY PROFESSOR HALBHERR. AIR VIEW SUPPLIED BY THE "TIMES."



FIG. 4.—WHERE THE WIND-BLOWN SANDS OF CENTURIES HAVE ACCUMULATED OVER A GREAT CITY BUILT BY A ROMAN EMPEROR: RUINS EMERGING FROM THE DUNES OF LEBDA (ANCIENT LEPTIS MAGNA) ON THE NORTH AFRICAN COAST EAST OF TRIPOLI.



FIG. 5.—LEPTIS MAGNA AND ITS RUINS AS SEEN FROM THE AIR: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE BURIED ROMAN CITY, WHICH STOOD ON AN ARM OF THE SEA SINCE CHOKED UP BY SAND—SHOWING THE LINES OF LIGHT RAILWAY USED FOR THE EXCAVATIONS.

Italian excavations, as described by Professor Halbherr on the opposite page, are bringing to light the ancient glories of Leptis Magna (modern Lebda), in Tripolitania, "some visible, and some buried under the dunes of fine yellow sand, which are continually being shifted and displaced by the winds. The city was laid waste by the Arabs in the seventh century, and since that time the site has been abandoned, and the dunes have been formed by the sand brought over it by wind-storms." In a passage which had to be omitted from his article for reasons of space, Professor Halbherr goes on to say: "Leptis Magna was the great em-

porium for trade with the Garamantes, the Phasania (modern Fezzan), and the eastern part of Inner Libya, and this commercial intercourse with the native tribes had led to such an admixture of race and language that the remains of its earliest buildings show both Phoenician and Libyan architecture, and the Leptitan dialect had become, as we know from ancient writers, a Phoenico-Libyan 'patois.' The city was almost entirely rebuilt after the Roman conquest, and especially in Imperial times by Septimius Severus, who was a native of Leptis." A photograph that formed Figure 3 on page 52 has also been omitted.

EXQUISITE ROMAN MOSAICS AND FRESCOES, AND TITANIC

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ITALIAN DEPARTMENT OF COLONIAL



FIG. 6.—NOW ENTIRELY EXCAVATED AND RESTORED: THE FOUR-SIDED ARCH OF MARCUS AURELIUS AT TRIPOLI.



FIG. 7.—EMERGING FROM ACCUMULATED SAND OF CENTURIES: BROKEN COLUMNS AND PARTS OF IMPERIAL ROMAN BUILDINGS AMONG THE SHIFTING DUNES OF LEPTIS MAGNA.

ARCHITECTURE: TREASURES OF LEPTIS AND TRIPOLI.

ARCHAEOLOGY, SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



FIG. 8.—INSCRIBED "IMPERATOR CAESAR LUCIUS SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS": AN ENTABLATURE OF THAT EMPEROR'S PALACE AT LEPTIS MAGNA, HIS BIRTHPLACE, RESTORED TO ITS POSITION OVER CORINTHIAN COLUMNS.

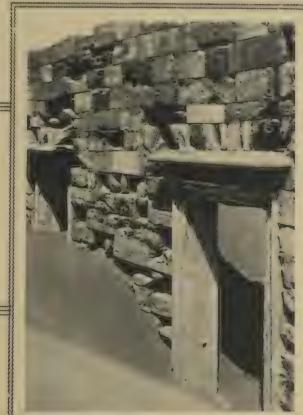


FIG. 9.—THE IMPERIAL PALACE OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS, LEPTIS MAGNA: THE FAÇADE IN COURSE OF EXCAVATION.

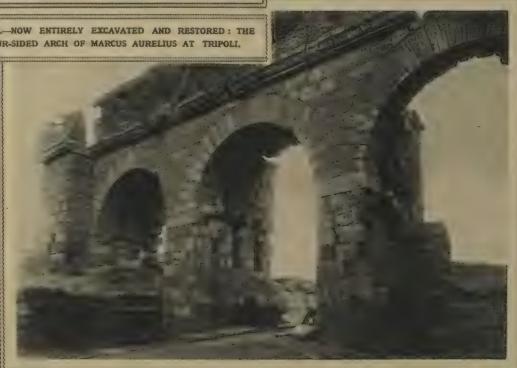


FIG. 10.—"ITS COLOSSAL WALLS AND ARCADES LOOK LIKE THE WORK OF GIANTS AND TITANS": THE GREAT PORCH OF THE THERMÆ (BATHS) AT LEPTIS MAGNA, NOW ENTIRELY EXCAVATED.



FIG. 11.—WHERE THE IMPERIAL AEDICULA (OR SHRINE) OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS AND THE FIRST INSCRIPTIONS WERE FOUND AT LEPTIS MAGNA: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SITE.



FIG. 12.—"THE MOST IMPOSING FEATURE IN THIS HUGE EDIFICE, ALL BUILT WITH ENORMOUS SQUARED BLOCKS OF LOCAL STONE": THE GREAT WALLS AND ARCHES OF THE THERMÆ AT LEPTIS MAGNA—THE INTERIOR.



FIG. 13.—DIONYSOS (BACCHUS) ON A PANTHER, HIS FAMILIAR ATTRIBUTE: A BEAUTIFUL WALL-PAINTING FROM A ROMAN VILLA.



FIG. 14.—NEREIDS, CUPIDS, AND TRITONS: ANOTHER WALL PAINTING FROM THE SAME ROMAN VILLA, AT ZLITEN.



FIG. 15.—PART OF "THE MOST MOSAICS": A SECTION WITH FIGURES.



FIG. 16.—SHOWING WINTER IN A "TUAREG" HEADDRESS, AND (IN THE BORDER) VARIOUS LIBYAN ANIMALS, BIRDS, AND FISHES: THE MOSAIC OF GLADIATORS IN COMBAT.



FIG. 17.—A THRESHING METHOD, STILL USED BY BERBERS AND BEDOUINS: HORSES AND OXEN THRESHING CORN: A MOSAIC OF A LIBYAN FARM.

In Tripolitania the Italian authorities have done excellent work in excavating and restoring the Roman and other ancient remains in which that country is so rich. The latest discoveries have been made at and near Lebda, the site of the imperial Roman city of Leptis Magna, rebuilt by the Emperor Septimius Severus, who was born there. These remarkable discoveries are fully described on page 52 by Professor Federico Halbherr, and the numbers attached to the above illustrations correspond to references in his article. The great arches of the Thermae (Baths) he likens to "the work of Giants and Titans." The mythological wall-paintings and the mosaics, with their exquisite detail of animals, birds, insects, and fishes, as well as human figures, were found in the ruins of a luxurious Roman villa on the coast not far from Leptis Magna, and near the port and oasis of Zliten, in a district called Buk Amara. Describing the mosaic of the four seasons, Professor Halbherr writes: "In the middle at the top is the personification of Winter with a heavy mantle and his head covered by a

dark cloth like that used by the modern Tuaregs of the Sahara. On the left and right respectively are the figures of Spring and Summer, the former crowned with flowers, the latter with ears of corn. Autumn, below, is represented with his head adorned by two garlands of autumnal blooms. The borders reproduce various animals of the Libyan fauna, with two lovely scenes of dwarfs fighting sylvan and aquatic birds." The Libyan farm scene shows the influence of Alexandrine art, and illustrates a method of threshing corn by the trampling of horses and oxen still used by the modern Berber and Bedouin as it was two thousand years ago. The gladiator scene shown above, valuable for its detail of Roman arms and armour, is only one section of a large mosaic illustrative of events in the arena, another portion of which contains figures of prisoners torn by wild beasts. It is significant that Roman taste found pleasure in the representation of cruelty in art. The four-sided arch of Marcus Aurelius, the philosopher Emperor, is at Tripoli.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

THE revival of interest in the high adventure of whaling, due in great measure to the new lease of life granted by the critics to Herman Melville's works, has produced its inevitable offshoots. More than two years ago an American whaling story by Mr. William John Hopkins was reviewed in these pages, and at the time I heard (although just too late to mention it in my notice) that the Melville "boom" had a considerable influence on the novel's appearance and circulation in this country. "She Blows, and Sparn at That" was a capital yarn, which sent one back to "Peter the Whaler" and kindred boys' books to note differences between the new and the old methods of capturing the young idea in seafaring fiction. Once again I have been reminded of Mr. Hopkins's story by a chapter in a recent work—a history of the whale fishery also by an American—which tells the true tale of a boy who would be a whaler. That story must certainly be the germ at least of the earlier incidents in "She Blows."

When the young hero of that book, a New Bedford lad, the son of a ship's carpenter in the formerly great New England whaling port, started and grieved his parents by his choice of a calling, they took the very sensible course of raising no opposition, and at once found him a berth with a good captain in a reputable ship. So much for fiction; now for the facts. In "WHALING," by Charles Boardman Hawes (Heinemann; 15s.), you may read the history of Leonard Gibbs Sanford, a rich man's son of up-state New York, who "wanted adventure and, by the gods, he got it." His parents reasoned that "if the boy was determined to go to sea, why, let him go, but in good standing and in a good ship. So they gave him a chest and an honest outfit . . . and arranged that he should sail on a whaling voyage to the Pacific Ocean in the ship *Lancer*, of New Bedford, whose captain, Aaron C. Cushman, was an old friend of George Sanford, the father." With a difference in social position of the parents, this early episode forms an exact parallel to the adventures of Mr. Hopkins's Timothy Taycox, who also went hunting the sperm-whale. There are other similarities, such as the hero's initiation into the ways of the sea, and the working of the ship; but Sanford did not stick to the whaler's craft. After ten months of it, he had his fill, and deserted at Paita on June 6, 1857. Never had deserter such strange luck. Somehow he contrived to win the favour of the U.S. Consul at Paita, who hid him (most irregularly) until the *Lancer* sailed. Before long Leonard was secretary to the Consulate at Callao, and soon afterwards he held a similar appointment at Paita. By some mildly scandalous use of parental influence, he emerged a year later as full-blown U.S. Consul at Tumbes, Peru. As a merchant adventurer he made in four years a fortune of 10,000 dollars, and returned home, at three-and-twenty, to an industrious but less exciting life.

That story is a good specimen of the interludes with which Mr. Hawes enlivens his record of facts, "wherein" (as his title-page, with an appropriate return to the picturesque long-windedness of the older chroniclers) declares, "are discussed the first whalers of whom we have record; the growth of the European whaling industry, and of its offspring, the American whaling industry; primitive whaling among the savages of North America; the various manners and means of taking whales in all parts of the world, and in all times of its history; the extraordinary adventures and mishaps that have befallen whalers the seas over; the economic and social conditions that led to the rise of whaling and hastened its decline; and, in conclusion, the present state of the once-flourishing and lucrative industry."

To that comprehensive programme Mr. Hawes lives up with great fidelity and much research. Perhaps because he is an American, he sees his subject principally from an American point of view, and consequently great chapters in whaling-history—for example, the fortunes of the Scottish whaling fleets—are but lightly touched upon. North Eastern Scotland alone would provide a separate volume as big as the present, but that is more a task for a British author. In that field a writer would find abundant romance, not only of the frozen seas, but of home waters; like that strange tragedy of sudden tempest and shipwreck which befell the annual sailing of the Aberdeen whalers on an April morning in 1813. The lives of the notable Scottish whaling captains would provide many stirring adventures of the kind which Mr. Hawes relates in his account of "the missing whalers of Dundee." He tells his true stories admirably, but once at least he turns to fiction as the best medium for his purpose. That is when he quotes from "Moby Dick" Herman Melville's description of a whaler's cabin. Of the formalities observed there he "knows no picture to equal it." Mr. Hawes has written a book for people of all ages, but boys especially will find in it reading after their own heart. Apropos of Melville, a sumptuous edition

of his "TYPEE" has been issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton at 20s.

Readers whose taste leads them in the same direction, that of nautical adventure, should make a point of including in their library lists two most absorbing books. One, "PERILS OF THE SEA," by J. G. Lockhart (Philip Allan; 8s. 6d.), is a record (already noticed here) of famous shipwrecks, from the loss of the White Ship to the *Titanic*. Mr. Lockhart deals also, in "MYSTERIES OF THE SEA" (Philip Allan; 8s. 6d.), with famous problems cast up by the ocean, such as the disappearance of the *Waratah*, and the strange case of the *Mary Celeste*, which was found at sea, all sails set and everything shipshape, but never a soul on board. No such book would be complete without some reference to the sea-serpent and the Flying Dutchman. If Mr. Lockhart does not solve any of his mysteries, he has at any rate provided capital reading. A writer who can find such attractive new bottles for old wine has done a double service, for his old wine is in itself very good.

The opening "mystery" is less of a strange tale retold than an exercise in scepticism. It is a discussion of a question to which the answer is, usually, if not exclusively, in the affirmative: "Did Columbus discover America?" Mr. Lockhart holds by Christopher, and discredits the old stories of a previous discovery by Spaniards, a Frenchman and a Norseman, and, going one better, reverses the case, and hints that in Roman times Indians may have discovered Europe. The problem takes a more aggressive form in another new book, "AMERICA, THE TRUE HISTORY OF ITS DISCOVERY," by William Giles Nash (Grant Richards; 12s. 6d.). The author's attitude is sufficiently forecast in his whimsical dedication "to all those men and women the credit for whose achievements has been given to

West. These are now given to the world by Mr. Albert Mordell in "MISCELLANIES," by Lafcadio Hearn (Heinemann; 2 vols.; 30s.), a collection of articles and stories written by Hearn before he went to Japan. Admirers of Hearn's delicate and often weird genius will welcome these fugitive papers for the intrinsic merit of some, and, in the case of others, as curious examples of prentice work giving unmistakable indications of better things to come. A great deal of patient research and much critical ingenuity has gone to the making of the collection and the identification of the unsigned pieces.

Hitherto little or nothing has been known of Hearn's early writings in America. In 1869, when he was nineteen, he came, a waif, to Cincinnati, and for the next eight years he wrote for the Press. Much of his work is probably lost for ever, but Mr. Mordell has brought to light the more important articles and stories Hearn wrote for the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and the *Commercial*. To these are added contributions to the New Orleans *Item* and the *Democrat*. With a characteristically Transatlantic audacity, Mr. Mordell has not hesitated to suggest in large capitals that he might call his researches A ROMANCE OF LITERARY DISCOVERY. There is conscious humour, no doubt, in this digression into the banal, but, in any event, the editor justifies his suggested title abundantly, when he goes on to give some account of his methods of investigation and their successful results. His tracing of the article "The Poisoners" is a case in point, and should be read in Mr. Mordell's own words, as it is too long and too much involved to quote here. Other discoveries arose from even fainter hints, and started from the editor's minute and sympathetic knowledge of Hearn's personality. In another case, the evidence for authorship of the article turned out more certain than if Hearn had signed it.

Mr. Mordell is not the man to rest satisfied with an apparently successful solution of any problem. Seeking the first article Hearn contributed to the *Enquirer*, he found something that seemed to answer very well: "Mortuary Literature" (Jan. 12, 1873), unmistakably from the same hand that wrote, twenty-five years later, "The Literature of the Dead," which essay actually contains the phrase "mortuary literature." But the hunter was not content. He went back yet another year, and found an article on "The Idylls of the King." Knowing Hearn's great admiration for this work, and noting the frequent use of semi-colons—a sure mint-mark of this writer's—together with other internal evidence and one piece of external testimony—Hearn's statement in a lecture that as a boy he had learned more English from Tennyson than he had learned in any other way—Mr. Mordell no longer hesitated to identify the work. Still, he searched previous issues, but nothing more appeared that could be set down to Hearn. Evidently, then, he had found the very first contribution of which Colonel Cockerill records the offer—"how Hearn drew from under his coat the MS., and tremblingly laid it on the table and how he stole away like a distorted brownie." Cockerill found it "charmingly written in the purest and strongest English." As this is in all probability Hearn's earliest printed

work, it seems a pity that Mr. Mordell has not included it. Perhaps, however, it was too juvenile, and in the examples given of the gruesome, the grotesque, the tender, the scholarly, and the voluptuous there is sufficient compensation, and sufficient assurance that these pieces are the right Lafcadio. Mr. Mordell is justified of his foundlings.

Hearn never truckled to convention where Puritanism was concerned, and he was a pioneer of writing that to-day assumes a boldness now grown so usual as almost to verge on the commonplace. A very much praised American novel flings itself with a gallant assurance against any rigid conceptions of human conduct. In point of mere telling and of character-drawing the story is handled with striking skill, but one takes leave to question the universality of its application to human life. The heroine, Ruth Holland, had become unspeakable to her benighted small American "home-town," because, in the sacred cause of love, she had dared to detach a man from his wife and had gone barefacedly off with him. She paid in the end—thus far the affair is conventional; but Susan Glaspell, the author of "FIDELITY" (Jarrold; 7s. 6d.), draws no conventional moral from that upshot. Ruth was assured that she was "moving—moving on . . . And because she felt that she was moving on that sense of failure slipped from her. . . What she had paid the great price for was not hers to the end. But what it had made of her was hers! Love could not fail, if it left one richer than it found one. Love had not failed—noting had failed—and life was wonderful, limitless, a great adventure for which one must have great courage, glad faith. Let come what would come!—she was moving on." Vague and hysterical nonsense of this sort masquerading as a philosophy of life seems to pass current nowadays as profound wisdom. Has sane criticism gone utterly to sleep? Or is it that some critics, like Ruth, are "moving—moving on"? If so, one wonders whether



ON THE DESERT MOTOR ROUTE TO TIMBUCTOO BY THE NEW SERVICE OF "CATERPILLAR"-WHEELED CITROËN CARS: THE FORT OF BOUREM IN THE HEART OF THE SAHARA, WITH "THE LORDLY NIGER" IN THE BACKGROUND.

The King of the Belgians accepted an invitation to travel across the Sahara to Timbuctoo by Citroën motor-car with "caterpillar" tractor, but, at the suggestion of the French Government, cancelled his plans owing to a tribal outbreak on the route. The party arranged for the inaugural trip of the new Citroën bi-weekly desert service included Marshal and Mme. Pétain, M. Albert Sarraut, and M. and Mme. Citroën. The whole trip takes twenty-one days there and back, and the return fare is £475. At Bourem, near Timbuctoo, the travellers first see the Niger.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

others to whom it was not due." His case is, briefly, that Columbus had news of the New World from Alonzo Sanchez, a pilot of Huelva, who, according to the testimony of Garcí Laso de la Vega, was driven by a storm westward from Madeira about 1484, and, running before the wind for twenty-eight or twenty-nine days, found land, presumably San Domingo. Returning to Palos, Sanchez was entertained by "the Genovese Cristobal Colon, Pilot and Cartographer," and in return for much kindness, Sanchez told Colon his secret. Further it is argued in this discussion that the day before Columbus discovered land that feat was anticipated by Martin Alonzo Pinzón. Mr. Nash holds that Sanchez and Pinzón are—although much better entitled to it—not so intimately and officially associated with the discovery as, on the facts of the case, they manifestly should be. Much of the case, as here stated, rests on documents now for the first time translated into English. I have so little Spanish that to commit myself to criticism of the evidence would be impertinence. But every carefully documented challenge of accepted opinion deserves serious attention, and Mr. Nash tells a story that cannot fail to interest students of history, whether they conclude or not that Columbus played a disingenuous part in his great adventure, and took credit not rightly his. Mr. Nash promises a further examination into the origin of Cristobal Colon, and indicates that he may be shown not to have been a Genovese at all, but a Spaniard born at Pontevedra. If this be so, it is hard on Spain that such a nativity, if established, should go hand in hand with a destructive criticism that would deprive a Spaniard of his greatest title to fame. There remain, however, Sanchez and Pinzón, but for their claims, see Mr. Lockhart.

America is still the land of discovery, and here are two goodly volumes of literary finds in the journalism of the

WHAT THE DUKE OF YORK FACED: NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAJOR A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE, FROM HIS FILM, "THE WONDERLAND OF BIG GAME." BY COURTESY OF NATURAL FILMS, LTD.



A MONSTER LIKE THAT RECENTLY SHOT BY THE DUKE OF YORK, AT THIRTY YARDS, AS IT CHARGED HIM:
A RHINOCEROS WITH ITS TAIL UP, PREPARING TO ATTACK THE PHOTOGRAPHER SIXTEEN YARDS AWAY.

This remarkable photograph of an angry rhinoceros, with his tail up, meditating a charge at the photographer, makes it possible to appreciate the courage shown by the Duke of York the other day in Kenya, when, accompanied by one hunter, he faced a similar monster and shot it at close range as it was charging towards him. Describing the day's sport near the shooting camp at Isiolo, Reuter's special correspondent cabled: "On Sunday, December 28, the party set out before breakfast, dividing into two sections. Using a .22 rifle, the Duchess brought off a remarkable shot, bagging a guinea-fowl on the wing, while the Duke added

specimens of buck to his bag. Stalking a huge rhinoceros towards evening, the Duke had an exciting adventure. He fired at the animal, which thereupon charged furiously at him. Standing his ground pluckily, the Duke fired from a distance of thirty yards simultaneously with Mr. Anderson, the wild-game hunter, and the beast rolled over, dead. The Duke was highly delighted with his adventure." The royal visitors had left Nairobi for their camp on Boxing Day. Among the party were three white hunters, besides Captain Ritchie, Kenya Game Warden, and Dr. Gilks, Principal Medical Officer.

LIKELY SPORT
FOR THE
DUKE OF YORK :
AN AFRICAN
BULL ELEPHANT—
PHOTOGRAPHED
AT FIVE YARDS.

AS noted on previous pages, the Duke of York recently planned to go in search of elephants during his hunting trip in Kenya. This wonderful photograph, along with those reproduced on our front page and page 60, was taken by Captain H. C. Brocklehurst near Nimule, on the upper reaches of the White Nile. "The two bull elephants," he writes, "when first seen were feeding in a large open valley on the west of the river. Presently they separated and one of them commenced rubbing himself against a large rock about five feet high. The wind being favourable, I ran up to the rock, and, crawling round, endeavoured to take some photographs. The first attempts were complete failures, as he was much too close, and only a small portion of him appeared on the view-finder; so I was compelled to wait until he moved a few feet away to reach out for more food. Either a treacherous puff of wind or some instinctive sense warned him that something unusual was near, for he began to walk round the rock and we met face to face. Up came the great ears and, with a few short trumpet-like screams, he dashed after his companion, who joined him in headlong flight. It is amazing what a great speed these huge beasts can attain when frightened, smashing everything before them, and at the same time, in spite of their enormous size, they can move in almost complete silence through the very densest bush."

PHOTOGRAPH BY
CAPTAIN H. C. BROCKLEHURST,
GAME WARDEN
TO THE SUDAN GOVERNMENT.



LIKELY SPORT FOR THE DUKE OF YORK: AFRICAN BIG GAME.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAPTAIN H. C. BROCKLEHURST, GAME WARDEN TO THE SUDAN GOVERNMENT.



CAPABLE OF AMAZING SPEED AND, IN SPITE OF ITS ENORMOUS SIZE, ABLE TO MOVE IN ALMOST COMPLETE SILENCE:
AN AFRICAN BULL ELEPHANT PHOTOGRAPHED AT FIFTEEN YARDS.

An elephant shoot was included in the programme of the Duke of York's hunting trip in Kenya, as noted on our front page. There, and on a double-page in this number, we reproduce two magnificent photographs of an African bull elephant in his native wilds, taken at ranges of seven and five yards respectively by Captain H. C. Brocklehurst, Game Warden to the Sudan Government. The locality was near Nimule, on the upper reaches of the White Nile. The above photograph was taken by him on the same occasion at a slightly longer range,

while he was hiding behind the rock against which one of the elephants came to rub himself. Captain Brocklehurst's own account of the incident, given on the double-page, leaves to the imagination the daring which he displayed to obtain such wonderful results. "It is amazing," he writes, "what a great speed these huge beasts can attain when frightened, smashing everything before them, and at the same time, in spite of their enormous size, they can move in almost complete silence through the very densest bush."

"THE SOLUTION . . . LIES IN FORCE": IL DUCE CHAMPIONS FASCISMO.

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY E. O. HOPPE, TAKEN RECENTLY AT A SPECIAL SITTING IN ROME.



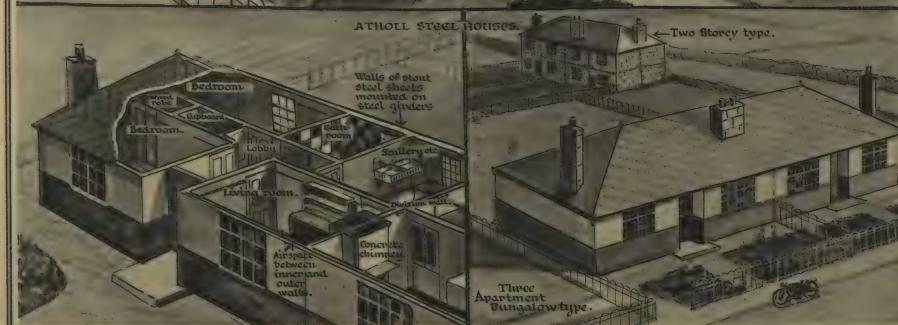
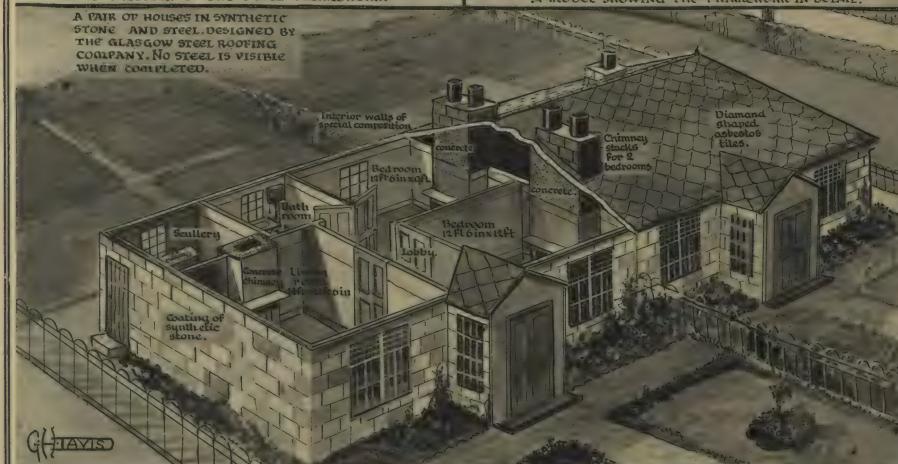
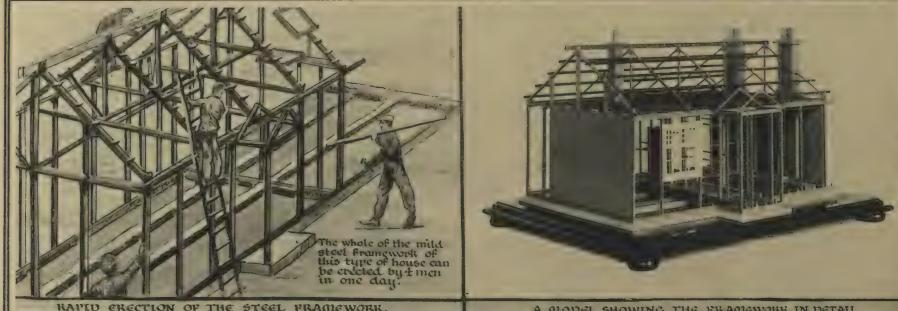
"WHAT BUTTERFLIES DO WE SEEK BENEATH THE ARCH OF TITUS?" SIGNOR MUSSOLINI,
WHO VINDICATED THE FASCIST DOMINATION OF ITALY IN A DRAMATIC SPEECH.

The tense political crisis in Italy caused by a growing discontent with the Fascist régime, and especially by the wholesale suppression of Socialist and other opposition newspapers, led to a dramatic pronouncement by Signor Mussolini in the Italian Chamber on January 3. After reading aloud an article of the Constitution which says, "The Chamber of Deputies has the right to accuse the King's Ministers and to bring them before the High Court of Justice," he asked whether any Deputy wished to avail himself of this right. The answer was a burst of applause. Continuing, he said, "It is I who accuse myself before this assembly," and pro-

ceeded to repudiate the charge that he had formed a Cheka (secret police force) on Soviet lines, or that he had instigated the murder of Signor Matteotti. Having reviewed the benefits conferred on Italy by Fascismo, Signor Mussolini went on: "What butterflies do we seek beneath the Arch of Titus? I declare . . . that I alone assume the moral, political, and historical responsibility for all that has taken place. . . . The solution of the present problem lies in force. . . . Rest assured [he concluded] that within forty-eight hours from now the situation will be cleared up."

STEEL-BUILT DWELLINGS TO SOLVE THE HOUSING PROBLEM:

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST,

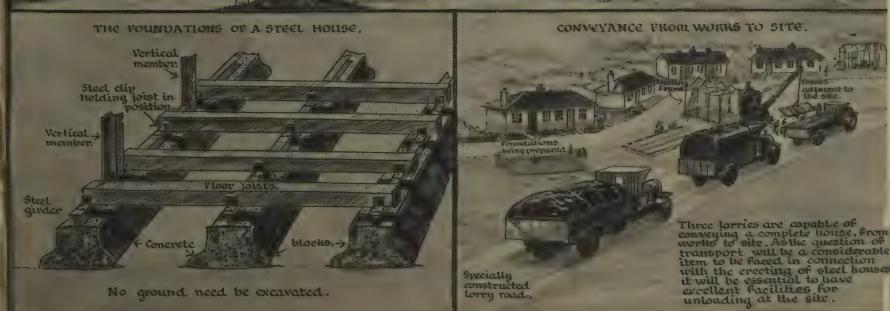


DESIGNS IN THE APPLICATION OF STEEL TO DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE: DIAGRAMS

Lord Weir's company and other firms have been turning their attention to the building of cheap small houses of steel, and several excellent types are in existence. The Ministry of Health stated on December 30 that twenty-five local authorities had been invited to try the experiment of erecting such dwellings, and that it was proposed to hold a conference of representatives in January to settle details. These houses are strongly built to last forty years. Various methods of construction have been employed: In the Weir system the framework is of timber built up in sections, and on to this are placed metal sheets that form the outer walls; the inside of these sheets is treated with a rust-resisting composition, while the outside resembles ordinary house walls. Inside the frames are placed the interior walls, of various kinds of composition, leaving an air space between the outer and inner walls. In the houses designed by the Glasgow Steel Roofing Company, Ltd., the whole framework is constructed of mild steel and is designed for rapid erection, so that four men can fit it together in one day. Over the walls is placed a substantial coating of synthetic stone, each slab of which is locked in its place. When completed all the steel-work is hidden, and the house appears no different from thousands of stone-built cottages in Scotland. The interior walls consist of sheets made to

NEW EXPERIMENTS TO BE TESTED IN 25 LOCALITIES.

G. H. DAVIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



SHOWING METHODS OF CONSTRUCTION, AND CONVEYANCE FROM WORKS TO SITE.

fit exactly in the framework, formed of a composition with all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of plaster. As concrete floors are cold, the flooring is constructed of wood. Equalisation of temperature is assured through the double-shell arrangement in walls, partitions and ceilings. The flues in all these steel houses are built of concrete, and the roof is sturdy constructed to take snow. The Atholl Steel Houses, manufactured by Messrs. William Beardmore and Co. Ltd., of Glasgow, are also provided with a steel framework, the outer walls being of stout steel plates, as in a ship. The inner walls are of a non-conducting composition, and, with the usual air space between walls, an equable temperature is maintained. Many ingenious devices have been introduced into all these dwellings to save time, expense and labour. In most cases elaborate foundations are unnecessary, as concrete blocks keep the house above ground. Every effort is made to prevent damp, vermin, and fire. The Glasgow Steel Roofing Company put the price of one of their houses at approximately £450, but with mass production, no doubt, the price could be reduced. The accommodation in all these dwellings is excellent, and they could be rented at a rate working men could afford. The sections can be so closely packed that three lorries or railway trucks could probably convey one complete house from works to site.

EXCESSIVE "WATER-COOLING" FOR MOTORISTS: ROADS BECOME RIVERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.; THAT OF WITTERSHAM BY L.N.A.

A car in difficulties
on the main Bath road
at Maidenhead.A commercial car
stranded in the Thames Floods
at Cookham.A motor-bus and a car
passing on a flooded road
near Staines.Cars on the "road"
at Maidenhead,
& planks for pedestrians

"Going ashore" in punts from a stranded bus near Maidenhead.

A Car in a flooded road
at Wittersham, a Kent
village almost isolated.MOTORING THROUGH FLOODS IN THE THAMES VALLEY AND KENT: INCIDENTS ON THE BATH ROAD AT MAIDENHEAD;
AT COOKHAM AND STAINES; AND AT WITTERSHAM.

The lot of the motorist in the flooded districts of the Thames Valley, and other parts of the country, has been by no means pleasant or safe. In many towns, such as Maidenhead, the streets assumed the aspect of rivers, and on country roads, as between Cookham and Bourne End, the water was several feet deep. Drivers of cars had to be extremely careful in navigating the floods, and there were not a few mishaps. Near Shepperton motorists found considerable difficulty in making their way through the floods, the water often splashing up against

the windows and over the hoods of cars. Motor-buses, lorries, and cars had to take risks, and some got stuck for a long time in mud and water, and had to be hauled out by horses and chains. Between Shepperton and Chertsey there was a sudden rise in the flood water, which compelled cars to turn back. Between Esher and Hersham the water rose from 6 in. to 2 ft. in one day, and cars were held up for hours. Similar conditions prevailed in Kent, where hundreds of acres were flooded in the Medway Valley, and roads became impassable.

THE GREAT THAMES FLOODS FROM THE AIR: A BUNGALOW COLONY.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY C.N.



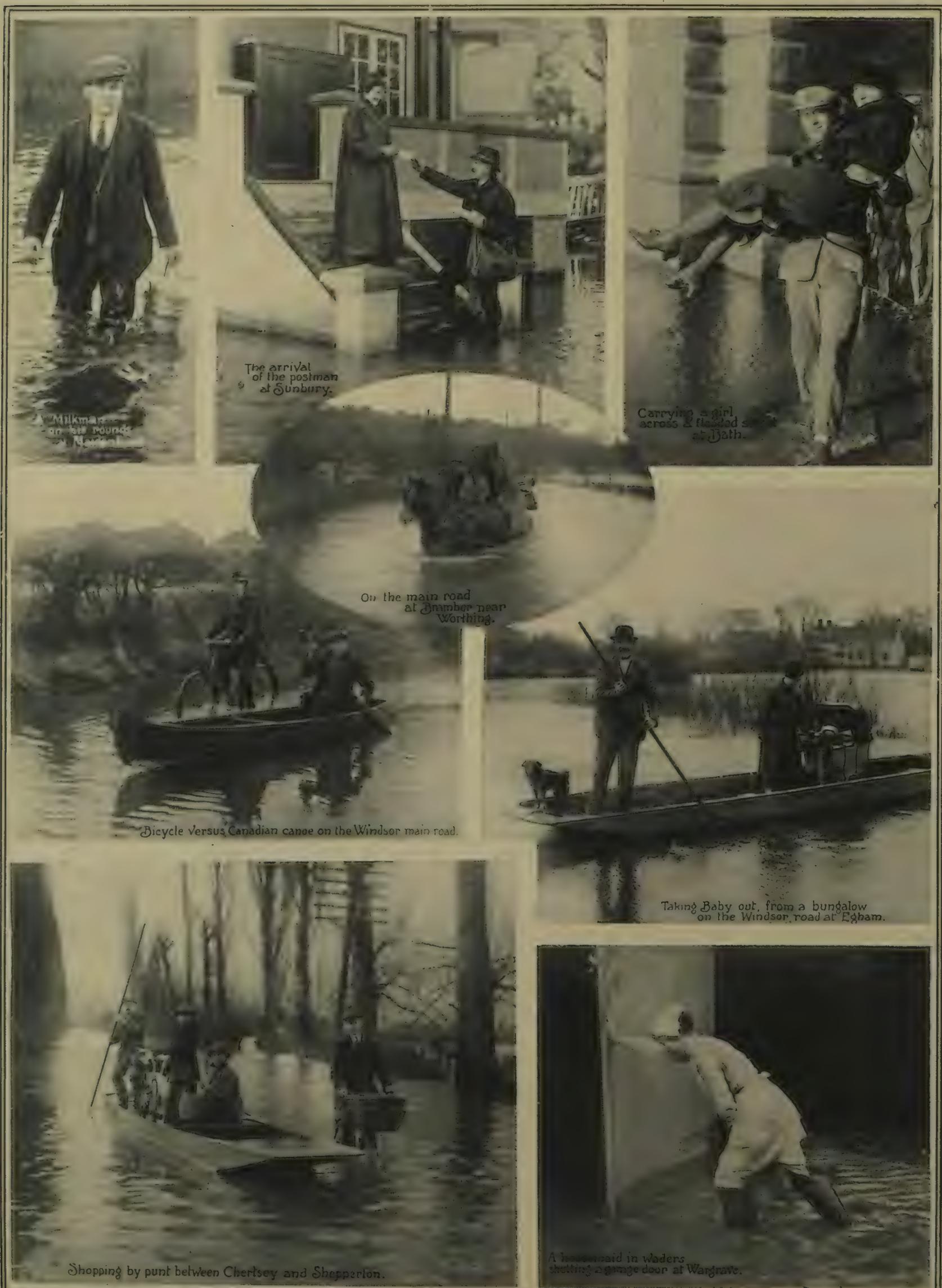
LIKE A PREHISTORIC VILLAGE OF PILE-BUILT LAKE DWELLINGS: BUNGALOWS ISOLATED BY FLOODS NEAR SHEPPERTON AND WEYBRIDGE—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE.

Several hundred riverside bungalows near Shepperton were surrounded with water by the overflowing of the Thames, and more than three-quarters of them were vacated by their inhabitants. A few of the more venturesome, however, remained for New Year's Day. In Ferry Lane, Shepperton, the water was over two feet deep, and a ferry service was organised to take City workers, clad in oilskins and waders, to and from the end of the lane on their way to the station

and home at night. The floods reached almost to the top of the garden gates, but the bungalows themselves were little damaged owing to the damp-courses having been placed at a height of several feet. On Sunday, January 4, people in the district went to church in boats. By that date the level of the river at Shepperton Lock was $9\frac{1}{2}$ ft. above normal, the water in Ferry Lane had risen to nearly 4 ft., and several more bungalows had been abandoned.

LIFE IN FLOODED ENGLAND: COMMON TASKS IN STRANGE CONDITIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., I.B., TOPICAL, AND L.N.A.



NOVEL EFFECTS OF FLOODS ON EVERYDAY LIFE: REMARKABLE SCENES IN THE THAMES VALLEY AND THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

The extensive floods, caused by prolonged rainfall have had an extraordinary effect on everyday life in the districts affected, particularly in the valley of the Thames and in low-lying parts of the West Country. Streets and roads turned into waterways, and people had to go about their business in boats and punts, or otherwise adapt themselves to the strange conditions. Thus a boy might be seen paddling in a Canadian canoe along the main road at Windsor, while at Wargrave a housemaid had to don waders to go out and close the

door of the garage. Taking a baby out for an airing in a perambulator at Egham involved a passage by punt to a point on dry land, and at Bath unwonted opportunities of gallantry presented themselves in the way of carrying distressed damsels across flooded streets. The horse drawing his accustomed cart along the road near Worthing began to think he ought to be an amphibious animal. At Shepperton on January 4, the Thames was $9\frac{1}{2}$ ft. above normal, and everywhere from Windsor to Walton the river was steadily rising.

GALE AND FLOOD: A RACE-COURSE CLEARED; RAFTS AND RESCUES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., L.N.A., AND C.N.



A RACE-COURSE CLEARED BY A HURRICANE: TATTERSALL'S RING AT NEWBURY ALMOST DESERTED JUST AS RACING WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN.



ONLY DISTINGUISHED FROM A RIVER BY THE TELEGRAPH POLES: A FLOODED ROAD AT SHEPPERTON, WITH A BOAT IN THE BACKGROUND.



AXLE-DEEP IN WATER IN THE VILLAGE STREET: AN EXTRAORDINARY STATE OF AFFAIRS AT BRAMBER DURING THE FLOODS IN SUSSEX.



A RAFT IN THE STREETS OF BATH, WHERE THE FLOODS HAVE BEEN THE WORST FOR THIRTY YEARS: ARRIVING AT THE ARTS AND CRAFTS INDUSTRIES SCHOOL.



A RESCUE IN THE DOLMEADS DISTRICT OF BATH: A LITTLE BOY BROUGHT TO A POINT OF SAFETY BY POLICE PUNTING ALONG A FLOODED STREET.

Many other parts of the country besides the Thames Valley have suffered from floods and other effects of the recent rain and gales. At Newbury racecourse, for instance, "Tattersall's Ring," as the photographer notes, "was cleared by the hurricane which swept the South of England and reached the course just before the first race."—At Bramber, near Worthing, as at Shepperton, the roads were converted into rivers and the water was up to the axles of vehicles.—In the West of England, too, the floods have been very severe. Large tracts of land in and around Bristol were inundated, and all along the Avon to Bath the water

covered fields and orchards, reaching twice the normal winter height of the river. In the lower parts of Bath itself the floods, which were the worst since 1894, rendered many poor people homeless, and in some places the water reached the ceilings of ground floor rooms. Policemen went about in boats to rescue those in danger, as seen in one of our photographs, which shows a little boy brought to a place where he could reach higher ground above the flood level. The Mayor of Bath opened a relief fund to deal with the numerous cases of distress. Many other flood scenes are illustrated elsewhere in this number.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

WILLIAM ARCHER: A TRIBUTE.—PLAYS OF 1924.

I ALWAYS read the obituary announcements in the *Times*: their sorrow makes one think of one's friends. On Dec. 29 it began with "Archer, William, author and critic, 68." It was a shock, for not very long ago I had seen him in the pink of health, speaking with, for him, unwonted enthusiasm about his new play—a West Coast play this time, and of his forthcoming visit to Oslo (formerly Christiania), where Lillebil Ibsen's famous mother was to create "The Green Goddess."

What I loved about Archer was his simple way of talking about his progress when urged, for he was reticent about himself and all he did. Grown a rich man, after years and years of unspeakable toil despite his fame, he remained as modest as before; his only joy was to entertain lavishly, and, now that he could do it well, he did it often. With him goes, for me, *toute une jeunesse*—for we stood shoulder to shoulder in the revolution of our Drama in 1891. He was the giant, the man with the iron features and the golden heart; I was the dwarf with the pluck of Puck. I "enthused" loudly, he glowed within; I stood at the guns, he directed the intelligence. We fought like lions—with Walkley a super-lion, and Shaw already a coming power, helping with munition. I got the mud and the wounds; Archer, feared even by Clement Scott, was immune. He did not turn a hair when they attacked him; and, by gad! when he hit back, he hit home and left his victim reeling from the thrust of his rapier. For he remained urbane even in anger; his English was always of cathedral-like monumentality—it imposed and awed, if it did not create fervour.

He was a great critic—the greatest critic of England—so long as he was at the *World*. Later the exigencies of life forced him into the daily routine of the ill-fated *Tribune*, and he was too great a thinker to jot down judgment in a hurry. Great he was because he was learned and far-seeing; because he had a cosmopolitan mind; and, above all, because he was just. He knew on his seat of justice neither friend nor foe. He could be severe, but he was never relentless. For under his reserved Scottish mask beat a warm heart, and praise from him was praise indeed, because it sounded genuine, like a flawless peal of bells.

Even the habitual pessimist would have to admit that 1924 was a good year. Perhaps a year greater in promise than in harvest, but one betokening that there is life and vitality in our world of the theatre.

Look at the symptoms: Repertory is spreading, from Land's End onwards—Oxford has it; Cambridge is to follow; Kew has it, Fulham too. It is no longer the exception; it is going to be a rule. And at the same time many London touring companies go to the dogs. Let it be so. The provinces should have their own theatrical life, not exist on London facsimiles.

The Village Players movement is also taking root. From Dorset to Surrey, the farmers and the artisans are on the alert; they study Shakespeare, they write

their own plays and produce them under exceptional economic circumstances. This also means a new artery in our dramatic life.

Again, in London, the play-acting societies—the little *théâtres à côté*—are increasing in number and cropping up in new places. The New Century, the King George's Hall, also the St. George's Hall (the Maskelyne stronghold), the Cripplegate, and so on—temples and chapels and drawing-rooms are roped in by the ambitious young generations. Ere long I fore-

Day, has yielded to the piper's tune; it will be the home of the French Players from February onward. Letchworth has its own house, tastefully planned by Mr. Morley Horder; and Bushey is following suit.

In the distance, not dim but slowly materialising, surges the Renaissance Theatre. I must not say too much about that, for I view it with paternal love and solicitude; but if it redeems its prognostications it will indeed add to the history of 1924.

So wherever I look I find life and bustle and progress. What I do not find is adequate development of dramatic criticism. On the contrary, in many papers the space allotted to the drama contracts more and more. There is plenty of room for praise, piffle, and personalities, but far too little for criticism and contemplation. *England is still the only country in the world that does not possess a serious universal Dramatic Review.* Incredible but true, since in England the stage—i.e., the actor—is more pampered in lip-service than anywhere else. Here is a gold-mine and kudos for somebody. (Possibly an "I.L.N." reader will oblige. A large cheque might tempt a really worthy person to supply the long-felt want!)

Now as regards the actual output, I have stated it repeatedly, fortified by the opinions of eminent foreigners who make it their life's object to study the drama in many countries, that never has the programme of London shown such good fare and such intellectual force as during the last twelve months. There was a time when for a brainy person, not necessarily a high-brow, from abroad, it was difficult to find a play in London that was more than mere show, jingle, or platitudes. Now, in the autumn, there was fairly *embarras de richesse*—fine comedies like "The Farmer's Wife," "The Mask and the Face"; realism like "Tiger Cats"; criminology in "The Fakie"; sex interest in "Fata Morgana"; character study in "Old English" at the Haymarket; sheer romance in "The Rat"; Shakespeare at the Old Vic; fun and wit in "The Punchbowl" and "Charlot's Revue"—in brief, enough to fill the evenings of the pleasure-seeker as well as the *blâsé*. I daresay that all these plays are of very varied quality, that some of them are not "profound" and merely attracting by such qualities as are beloved of the crowd. But that does not do away with the fact that intellectually they are infinitely superior to the indifferent stuff that post-war *insouciance* and lenient criticism—we were all to blame—foisted on us. And this may be repeated for the benefit of those who are ever on the *qui vive* to trumpet the merits of foreign geese, to the detriment of the modest home-bred swan: that the London plays of to-day—I mean the autumn of 1924—can in the aggregate vie with—nay, excel—the programme of the same period in Paris. So let's be thankful for what we have, and help the good there is by being constructive in criticism and drawing the people to the theatre, instead of alienating them by idle croakings—words, words, words that may mean something (at times) but actually do nothing to further the Cause.



RECIPIENT OF THE THIRD "SKETCH" AWARD FOR THE BEST ACTING OF THE MONTH: MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE AS FLORENCE LANCASTER IN "THE VORTEX," AT THE ROYALTY.

Under the scheme recently instituted by the "Sketch," for honouring the best piece of acting in each month, the third award has been given by the judges to Miss Lilian Braithwaite for her fine performance as Florence Lancaster in "The Vortex." Miss Braithwaite has accordingly received from the "Sketch" the token of appreciation in the form of a little silver bell bearing an inscription. The first award (for October) was made to Mr. Norman McKinnel for his acting in "Old English," and the second to Mr. Fred Kerr for his performance in "The Pelican" and "The Grain of Mustard Seed."

Photograph by Pollard Crowther, F.R.P.S.

see Kensington houses converted into little theatres instead of Service clubs. Already the Queenboro' Club of Mr. Clarence Green, opened on Boxing



SHAKESPEARE'S FAIRY QUEEN AT DRURY LANE: MISS GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES AS TITANIA.

IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" AT DRURY LANE: MISS EDITH EVANS AS HELENA.

Hermia, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," is beloved by Lysander, whose love she returns, and also courted by Demetrius, who is favoured by her father, while Demetrius is beloved by Helena. The tangle is complicated by the spells of Puck, who also bewitches Titania and causes her to dote on Nick Bottom, the weaver, transformed into an ass. Above are four of the characters in the play as given at Drury Lane.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]



"MIDSUMMER NIGHT" LOVERS: MISS ATHENE SEYLER AS HERMIA, AND MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE AS LYSANDER.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ART PHOTO SERVICE, AITKEN, HAY WRIGHTSON, RUSSELL, SWAINE, BASSANO, C.N., VANDYK, AND HOPPE.



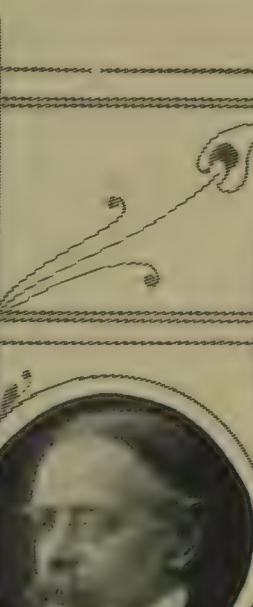
A G.B.E. IN THE NEW YEAR HONOURS: DAME MILICENT GARRETT FAWCETT, J.P.



A NEW D.B.E.: MISS L. B. ALDRICH-BLAKE, M.S., M.D.



A NEW K.C.V.O.: SIR HENRY JOHN FORBES SIMSON, F.R.C.S., WHO ATTENDED PRINCESS MARY



A NEW KNIGHT: SIR EDMUND GOSSE, LL.D., DLITT.



A G.B.E. IN THE NEW YEAR HONOURS: DAME ELLEN TERRY (MRS. ELLEN ALICE CAREW).



A NOTED ARCHAEOLOGIST AND ARTIST: THE LATE MR. F. G. NEWTON.



GIVEN THE ORDER OF MERIT: SIR JAMES G. FRAZER, F.R.S., AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN BOUGH."



ANOTHER NEW O.M.: SIR ERNEST RUTHERFORD, F.R.S., THE EMINENT SCIENTIST.



A NEW KNIGHT: SIR FRANK DICKSEE, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



REFEREE IN THE NEW ZEALAND v. ENGLAND "RUGGER" MATCH: MR. A. E. FREETHY.



A FAMOUS POLITICAL CARTOONIST: THE LATE SIR FRANCIS CARRUTHERS GOULD ("F.C.G.", FORMERLY OF THE "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE").



TO BE A BARON: THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY DUKE, THE DIVORCE COURT JUDGE.



TO BE A BARON: SIR JOHN S. BRADBURY, RETIRING FROM THE REPARATIONS COMMISSION.

Among our portraits this week are notable recipients of New Year Honours. Dame Millicent Fawcett, widow of Henry Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General, has been a protagonist of the medical education of women and a leader in the women's suffrage movement.—Dr. Forbes Simson attended Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles at the birth of each of her two sons.—Miss Ellen Terry, the great actress, now becomes Dame Ellen Terry.—Miss Aldrich-Blake, Dean of the London School of Medicine for Women, organised medical women for war-service.—Sir Edmund Gosse is the distinguished critic, scholar and poet.—Sir James Frazer is an anthropologist world-famous for his book "The Golden Bough."—Sir Ernest Rutherford is a physicist eminent in radio-activity.—Sir Frank Dicksee is the new President of the Royal Academy.—Sir John Bradbury has been Principal British Representative on the Reparations Commission.

Sir Henry Duke has been President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division since 1919.—Mr. Francis Newton, who died at Assiut, in Upper Egypt, aged forty-six, was an able archaeologist who had worked also in Rome, Sardinia, Palestine, Crete, and Babylonia. Last year he became Director of the Egypt Exploration Society's excavations. An illustrated article by him on Tell el-Amarna appeared in our issue of July 12 last, and in that of October 25 a reconstruction drawing of the Ziggurat of Ur, in colour, in which he collaborated with Mr. William Walcot.—Mr. A. E. Freethy is an old Welsh "Rugger" international. As referee in the England v. New Zealand match he ordered a New Zealander off the field, as shown on our double-page.—Sir F. G. Gould, whose political cartoons were once a familiar feature of the "Westminster Gazette," was described by Lord Rosebery as "one of the few remaining political assets of the Liberal Party."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THE KING and Queen enjoyed Christmas and welcomed the New Year with a family party at York Cottage, Sandringham. It was a great pleasure to all that Queen Alexandra was well and able to enjoy having so many members of her family around her. The Prince of Wales and Prince Henry were out hunting with the West Norfolk; and the ball of that now-called Royal Hunt, which was under the patronage of the Queen, was, of course, quite a brilliant affair. There are many who declare that the Prince of Wales never looks so well as in "pink" evening dress with the ribbon and star of the Garter. Prince Henry—who is an "elegant figure," according to American opinion; a fine, well-set-up, soldierly young fellow, according to ours—also looks well in pink. Most slim young men do, for it is a very becoming dress. The ball was like a fine private one, as Captain and Mrs. F. J. O. Montagu lent Lynford Hall, Mundford, for it, and the Hall possesses a fine ball-room. Prince George and Prince Olaf of Norway were also among the royal personages and good-looking young men present.

"Dave Windsor's Ranch" seems to us rather a disrespectful way of alluding to the Prince of Wales's four thousand acres in Alberta. Americans derive the same sort of satisfaction from eliminating our historic titles to-day as in times when fewer of them visited us; but I imagine that the Prince would be the last to quarrel with being called "Dave Windsor." A river flows through the Prince's land, and quite near to his Ranch House it is easy to catch quantities of mountain trout. One does not hear of the Prince as an angler—the King was a very skilful one—but doubtless some of his friends are. The Prince's cook and caterer is a Japanese who was with the Canadian forces in France in the war. When the Prince is in residence he likes to shoot prairie chickens, and does so on foot, unlike the inhabitants, who saddle a horse to go over a few fields. His Royal Highness's ambition is to make of his ranch a great stock-breeding centre by which all Canada would profit. His manager, Mr. B. Carlyle, was a college professor and Dean, and is an experienced ranch manager. He quite shares the Prince's ideas.

Viscount Surdale's engagement to Miss Dorothy Jean Hotham is that of two quite young people: he is in his twenty-third year, the elder of the Earl and Countess of Donoughmore's two sons, a clever and very promising young man. His mother is one of the pretty daughters of the late Mr. Grace, of Battle Abbey, who were called, and with reason, the "Three

Graces." The Hely-Hutchinson family, which has given some fine soldiers and administrators to the country, is of Irish descent, but the title is of the United Kingdom. The bride-elect's father is a Clerk in the House of Lords, and is of the collaterals of Lord Hotham's family. There have been many fine sailors of this line, the bride-elect's grandfather, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Hotham, being one. Although the engaged couple are so young, their marriage is, I hear, unlikely to be long delayed.

Lord Cromwell, whose Barony was rescued by his mother from an abeyance of 469 years (she died before the announcement of the success



A three-piece suit which hails from Woollands. The skirt and cape are of fine wool, and the jumper of silk boucle. (See page 74.)

of the Earl of Berkeley's ancestors since soon after the Norman Conquest. King Edward the Confessor held Court there, and relics of him are still preserved. The new Countess was Mrs. Lowell Lloyd, whose first husband was Mr. Francis B. Lloyd, of Philadelphia. Her grandfather was the late United States Circuit Judge, John Lowell, of Boston. She has a son at school in Newport, and an intimate friend of hers is the late President Roosevelt's daughter Alice, now Mrs. Nicholas Longworth. Lady Berkeley is a clever artist and a very cultivated woman. Berkeley Castle was left to its present owner by the late Lord Fitzhardinge, his kinsman. Succession duties because of remote relationships, and also mortgages, obliged Lord Berkeley to sell some of his estates, but he reserved the Castle, the large park,

A useful jumper in Scotch wool which fits any figure. It may be secured at Woollands. (See page 74.)



A practical sports cardigan of pure wool, included in the sale at Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, S.W. (See page 74.)

some surrounding lands, and shooting and fishing rights. His London property, comprising Berkeley Square and most of Mayfair, was bought by a syndicate, and the Welsh coal magnates, Messrs. John and Herbert Cory, bought his Gloucestershire estates.

The engagement of the Hon. Victoria Fitzroy to Major Beatty, brother of our famous Admiral Earl, is an interesting one: the wedding will unite a pair with a great interest in horses, racing, and hunting. Miss Fitzroy is a very handsome girl, and inherits her love of horses and hunting from both sides of her house. Her father, Lord Southampton, is Master of the South Durham Hounds, and her maternal grandfather, the Marquess of Zetland, is a well-known sportsman on the Turf and across country. Where will the marriage of this engaged couple take place? Her mother and father were married in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, when Lord Zetland was Viceroy. Her aunt and uncle, the Earl and Countess of Fitzwilliam, were married in our St. Paul's Cathedral. Possibly Miss Fitzroy may choose York Minster. Her paternal grandmother was the Lady-in-Waiting whom Queen

Victoria admitted to the closest intimacy of probably any member of her Household. Her influence at Court was a powerful one, and it was invariably exercised with discretion and good judgment.

Americans, not content with buying our old mansions and our pictures of celebrated ancestors, are now purchasing our ghosts. Mr. James Cox Brady, a New York millionaire, has bought Hall Place, near Bexley. His mother-in-law, the Countess of Limerick, who has lived there for some time, declares that on three occasions she has seen one of the two ghosts—that of the Black Prince, whom tradition credits with having wooed and won the Fair Maid of Kent at Hall Place.

Lady Limerick, who is Irish, says that twice during the war the figure of a young man in black armour, with a luminous light round him, appeared, and once recently. The apparition is said to be visible only when England is in danger. Lady Limerick—who, it will be remembered, lost her only son in the war, and her only daughter, the second wife of Mr. James Cox Brady, died during the same troubled period—has never seen the second ghost—that of a young woman who was gored to death while stag-hunting near the house. Mr. James Cox Brady might, perhaps, plead breach of contract on the part of this sporting lady.

A. E. L.

A very ingenious and artistic calendar has been issued by the L.N.E.R. It is beautifully printed in colours, and the drawings are by Miss Freda Lingstrom. The calendar consists of a daily tear-off, but, by means of a very novel arrangement, the pictures for each month are entirely separate and appropriate to the season. For instance, in January we are invited to the Continent via Harwich, allured by a typical scene in Italy, while in May a delightful picture of Cotswold in the Yorkshire Dales attracts our attention.

The Hereditary Home of the Earl Marshals

LOOKING down upon the old Sussex seaport of Arundel and the beautiful Arun valley, a castle has stood since Alfred the Great made this site his stronghold a thousand years ago. Under the barbican and gateway you see to-day William Rufus passed to celebrate an Easter there.

You might think that the splendid Gothic edifice which now crowns the height had passed almost unscathed through the ensuing centuries. Actually, however, the ancient Castle, in common with many of its earlier noble owners—Fitzalans and Howards—suffered many vicissitudes of fortune, until finally it was almost reduced to ruin in the Civil Wars when the Cromwellians bombarded it from the neighbouring Church tower.

Happily, some portions of the ancient buildings survived this ordeal; the fine old gateway, the battlemented walls, Earl Rogers Tower, the Norman Keep and some gloomy dungeons remain to tell of the glories and trials of feudal days. Many sections not irretrievably damaged have been faithfully restored, and these, with additions in 13th century style, make this ancestral seat of the Dukes of Norfolk a singularly charming and attractive example of mediæval fortress architecture.

Only the fittest survive the test of time. It is therefore significant that even before Arundel Castle suffered at Cromwell's hands, John Haig Scotch Whisky had embarked on its successful career and had already become known for those same excellent qualities which have since given it world-wide fame.



The Dining Room at Arundel Castle.

A Late 16th Century Octagonal Table.



By Appointment.

Dye Ken
John Haig?

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THERE have been a great number of books on music published recently, and one of the most interesting of them, from the point of view of the general reader, is Mr. Cecil Gray's "A Survey of Contemporary Music," published by the Oxford University Press. Mr. Gray selects twelve modern composers—of whom all but three are still living—and devotes a chapter to each of them. He then dismisses a number of living composers who are, in his opinion, of less importance in a single chapter entitled "Minor Composers." Naturally, we find some surprises. If a critic is of any use at all, he has his own individuality, and must be biased according to his temperament in one direction or another. It is only the mechanical, rule-of-thumb critics who will present you with the sort of list you would get from a plébiscite in a daily paper; but, nevertheless, in my opinion, Mr. Gray's list is unnaturally freakish. For example, we find among his chosen twelve apostles of modern music Mr. Bernard van Dieren and the late Ferruccio Busoni; while we find among the "minor composers" Manuel de Falla, Prokoviev, and Vaughan Williams.

It is difficult for me to express an opinion on Mr. van Dieren's music, for the simple reason that the only work of his I have heard—and that I have only heard once—is the orchestral "Introit" to a choral work based on the fifth chapter of Rabelais's "Gargantua." This composition seemed to me commonplace and ineffective, but Mr. Gray tells us that "it is one of those works which for no visible reason do not 'come off' in performance. It is probably to be accounted one of van Dieren's few complete failures." It is rather unfortunate that the one work of van Dieren's performed, to my knowledge, at an ordinary public concert in London should be one of his "complete failures"; and Mr. Gray's actual phrase "one of van Dieren's few complete failures" (the italics are mine) cannot be considered a happy one, since in the course of his article Mr. Gray's comment on all the van Dieren compositions—after putting aside three early works as uncharacteristic—is invariably flattering. It is a pity Mr. Gray did not mention the other "complete failures," so as to guard us from judging Mr. van Dieren by them when they are performed.

I say this in no hostile spirit. I have a completely open mind to Mr. van Dieren's music, and no one would be better pleased than myself to discover that Mr. van Dieren as a composer is all that Mr.

Gray pretends he is; but the correct attitude to new work and to new artists is one of suspicion always. Nothing is more harmful to the cause of true artists and true art than that familiar cry of "Genius!" that goes up about once a month from the swarm of nonentities (utterly incapable of understanding true genius!) that infest our popular Press. I shall have to hear a great deal of Mr. van Dieren's music before I let myself succumb to Mr. Gray's persuasive eloquence, especially when I remember how heavily I fell to the music of Scriabin when I first heard it. It was not until I had heard the "Poem of Ecstasy" and "Prometheus" three or four times, and was familiar with his pianoforte music, that I began to perceive Scriabin's serious limitations. Nevertheless, it is right that Mr. Gray, if he thinks van Dieren is one of the greatest of living composers and a pioneer of music, should proclaim his discovery (which, by the way, he shares with another gifted musician, Mr. Philip Heseltine) aloud day and night, for great artists always need their discoverers and interpreters.

About Busoni Mr. Gray says nothing which is not just, and while he perceives Busoni's extraordinary merits as a musician, he admits—which many of Busoni's admirers will not admit—the unsatisfactory character of his compositions. It seems to me that in the following paragraph he has put the case against Busoni in a nutshell—

It is in the mental process which intervenes between the conception and the execution of a work that Busoni would seem to fail—in the embodiment of the abstract idea in musical flesh, as it were. There is a lack of distinction about the musical material of his buildings; one does not feel that any discrimination has been exercised by the composer in its choice—whether deliberately or through lack of critical faculty, it is impossible to say. It is at least certain that his most impressive works, and those which come nearest to being successful, are those which are built out of the musical material of others; such are the "Fantasia Contrappuntistica," the "Indianische Fantasie," "Variations," and "Bearbeitungen" generally. He is a master-builder to whom could be confided the execution of the most difficult tasks and gigantic conceptions . . . he is like one of the genies or sprites in "The Arabian Nights" . . . the slaves of anyone who possesses the magic talisman; he is like the Cyclops, the workmen of the gods, but not themselves gods, nor yet mere mortals.

One of the best things in Mr. Gray's book is his description of Dr. Vaughan Williams—

One's first impression of the former is one of complete, almost sublime incompetence. He flounders about in the sea of his ideas like a vast and ungainly porpoise, with

great puffing and blowing; yet in the end, after tremendous efforts and an almost heroic tenacity, there emerge, sputtering and exhausted from the struggle, a real and lovable personality, unassuming, modest, and almost apologetic. His personality is wholly and without admixture English, and this is at once his virtue and his defect.

But it is odd that the critic who could draw this vivid pen-portrait should not realise that Dr. Vaughan Williams is a bigger figure in modern music than Sir Edward Elgar, for all his apparent blundering incompetence. Sir Edward Elgar is, in my opinion, a gifted craftsman without originality of mind or imagination.

But it is not only to Vaughan Williams that Mr. Gray is unfair. He fails completely to do justice to Prokoviev, whose pianoforte concertos are striking examples of the intellectual power he essays to find in van Dieren—besides showing not only an absolutely individual flavour, but real beauty. The most serious of Mr. Gray's aberrations, however, is his extraordinary panegyric upon Strauss's "Salome," which he declares to be the German composer's masterpiece. This is a really amazing statement, for "Salome," in the opinion of most people of any genuine musical sensibility, is one of Strauss's poorest, emptiest works. It is therefore peculiarly unjust to a composer who, with all his defects, remains the one living creative musician of undeniable genius in our midst to-day, to select as his masterpiece so futile a composition as "Salome." I cannot help feeling that Mr. Gray does not care for the real Strauss—the Strauss of "Till Eulenspiegel" and "Rosenkavalier."

W. J. TURNER.

"ALF'S BUTTON." AT THE PRINCE'S.

ALF'S BUTTON, you must understand, was really Aladdin's Lamp melted down in the course of ages. It came to Alf, otherwise Private Higgins, when he and his friend Bill were demobilised, and, while it helped them to some momentary comforts, it transported them also to an Eastern palace. Round this button the critic-playwright, Mr. W. A. Darlington, has written an amusing piece of fantasy, half morality, half farce, providing at the same time that plaintive comedian, Mr. Tubby Edlin, with his hesitating manner, his appealing naïveté, and his genuine sense of fun, with a part nicely suited to show him at his best. The contrast between the two "pals," Alf and Bill—the one simple and kindly, the other an inveterate grouser—is happily maintained in the story, and, with Mr. Ambrose Thorne as his foil, Mr. Edlin should be able to count on crowded houses.

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Fashions and Fancies.

Opportunities at the Sales.

Everywhere women are eagerly searching for bargains, and those who wish to capture the tempting offers pictured on page 70 must visit Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, S.W., whose sale continues until the end of the month. The useful woollen cardigan at the top of the page has been reduced to 18s. 6d.; and 49s. 6d. is the sale price of the attractive woollen frock faced with contrasting colours. Next comes a three-piece suit with the skirt and cape in fine wool and the jumper in silk bouclette. The price is 7½ guineas complete. Last comes a cross-over jumper in Scotch wool priced at 23s. 9d. There are a limited number of pure silk jumpers, originally 4½ guineas, offered at 39s. 6d. each, and high-necked woollen polo-sweaters at 21s. 9d. A comprehensive sale catalogue will be sent free on request.

Liberty Frocks at Sale Prices. No time must be lost before visiting Liberty's, Argyll Place, W., for their sale ends on Jan. 17.

Included in it are the two frocks sketched here. The one on the left in green and rust artificial silk is pleasantly priced at 39s. 6d.; and the other, of printed Yoru crêpe, with cuffs and collar of Tyrian silk, has been reduced from 52s. 6d. to 37s. 6d. Plain Yoru crêpe frocks, originally 2 guineas, can now be secured for 27s. 9d. Lovely model evening gowns, very slightly soiled, are being disposed of at less than half price, ranging from 5 guineas; and there is a large choice of afternoon frocks in Liberty silks and colourings ranging from 4½ guineas. 75,000 yards of cretonnes in beautiful designs are being sold at 1s. 3d. and 1s. 11d. a yard—half their original cost.

Bargains in Hats, Gloves, and Suits. A 10s. 6d. bargain counter for hats is included in the sale at Gorring's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., which is

in full swing; while hats of embroidered felt, originally priced at 35s., are marked down to 12s. 11d. each. Then well-fitting gloves in washing suède have been reduced from 7s. 11d. to 5s. 11d. a pair, and oddments are 2s. 11d. the pair. Model wrap coats are at less than half price, and fur-trimmed velour coats range from 59s. 6d. Knitted wool coats and skirts are from 59s. 6d., and

tweeds and saxony from 69s. 6d. A visit must certainly be made before the boys return to school, for oddments in Rugby suits have been greatly

Write for a Catalogue.

Every woman in search of bargains should write to Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W., for the catalogue of their sale. It includes a limited number of wool repp and gabardine coats lined with silk at 79s. 6d. each, and fur-trimmed velour cloth coats for 5½ guineas. There are special bargains in gabardine raincoats lined with check offered at 16s. 9d., and well-tailored spring suits in repp at 83s. 9d. Delightful dance frocks can be secured for 87s. 6d., and chiffon velvet dinner gowns for 98s. 6d.; while those who are going to warm climates should note that tennis frocks are being cleared at 15s. each. Everything for children has been reduced to correspondingly pleasant prices, and school frocks are offered at 31s. 6d., sizes 36 to 45 inches, and striped wool cardigans for 11s. 6d.

Splendid Bargains.

The sale at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., affords many golden opportunities. In the sphere of lingerie, Belgian and French lawn night-dresses, hand-embroidered, range from 12s. 9d., and others of heavy crêpe-de-Chine are 29s. 6d. A Princess petticoat of crêpe-de-Chine can be secured for 25s. 9d. Then graceful tea-gowns in stamped moiré velvet, boasting long square trains and fitting any figure, are marked at 98s. 6d., and a loose chiffon velvet gown is £5 19s. 6d. Dance-tea frocks in crêpe-de-Chine are only 55s. 9d. Then there are fifty well-tailored suits for the spring in gabardine and repp offered at 78s. 6d. each, and fur-trimmed velour coats and skirts are £5 18s. 6d. Models originally costing from 30 to 60 guineas have been reduced to 21 guineas.

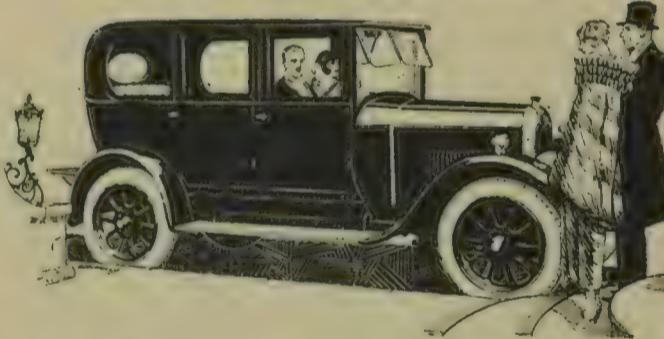
A Sale of Note. Every woman may realise her ambition of shopping at Jay's, Regent Street, W., during January, for their sale began on the 5th of this month. Several fur-trimmed promenade coats have been reduced from 25 guineas to 16 guineas, and an evening cape in sapphire-blue velvet collared with chinchilla degu has been marked down to 19 guineas. Woollen polo sweaters are priced at 32s. 6d., and woollen coats and skirts in checked patterns are 6 guineas. Others in silk bouclette have been reduced to 8 guineas, and a number of knitted suits in many styles and colours, originally costing from 6 to 10 guineas, are being offered at 3 guineas each. Two pairs of pure silk stockings for 10s. 6d. is another tempting offer. A brochure giving further details will be sent free to all readers.



Two useful frocks which may be secured from Liberty's, Argyll Place, W. Artificial silk in blended green and rust shades expresses the one on the left; and Yoru crêpe with cuffs and collar of Tyrian silk that on the right.

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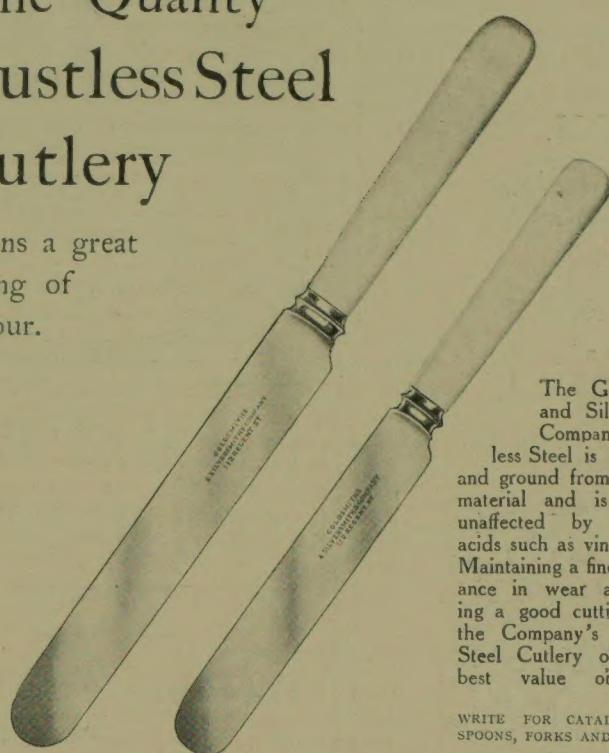
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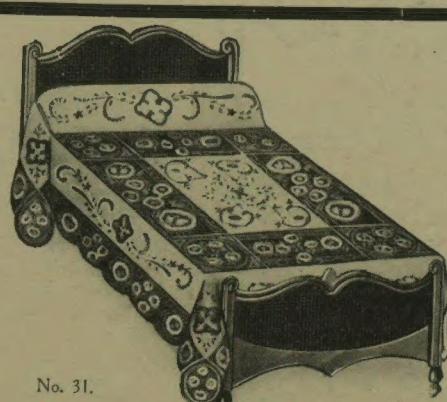
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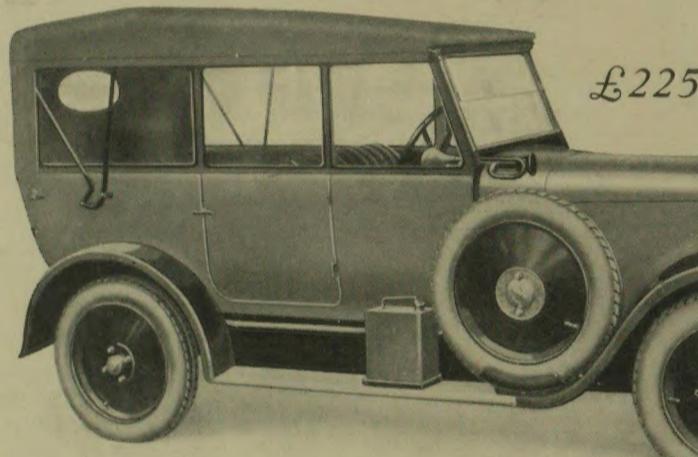
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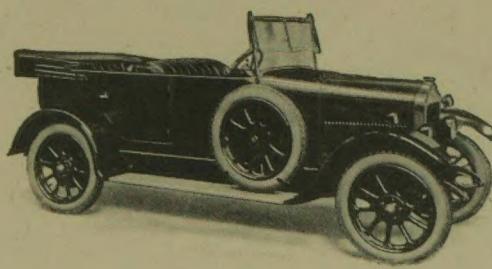
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**OUR
ANAGLYPH
MASK COUPON.**

Please send me One Anaglyph Viewing Mask.
I enclose stamps (Three-halfpence, Inland;
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(Anaglyph) 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.
I.L.N. 10.1.1925.



DISTINCTION

The re-designed Calcott Cars for 1925 have a distinction usually associated with the "Big" car. There is a length and breadth built into a beautiful body line that makes one pause and ask, "What car is that?" Motoring in a Calcott is now smoother and more satisfying than it

has ever been before, which is saying much—the distinction which goes with a Calcott can be had by paying just a little more, perhaps. But it is worth the difference. There is a difference with a distinction about the Calcott that calls for comment.

The new Calcott Cars for 1925 have been re-designed, enlarged and improved to a remarkable extent. In power, roominess, comfort and completeness of equipment they stand supreme in their class. 12/24 h.p. Two/Three-Seater £365. Four-Seater £375. Four/Five Seater Saloon £525. 10/15 h.p. De Luxe Two-Seater Semi-Coupé £275. De Luxe Four-Seater £275. Popular Two-Seater £255. Dunlop Balloon Tyres standard to all models. Catalogues from CALCOTT BROS., Ltd., COVENTRY.

London Agents: Eustace Watkins, Ltd., 91, New Bond St., W.I.

CALCOTT

Established 1886

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DUNVILLE'S SECRETS SINCE 1808

A First Class Distillery, First Class Materials, Any Amount of Stock and Prolonged Ageing of Every Drop in Every Bottle

Supplied in Bottles Half-Bottles Quarter-Bottles and six other shapes.

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The Secret Of A Clear Skin Daily Use Of Cuticura

Bathe daily with Cuticura Soap and hot water to thoroughly cleanse and stimulate the pores and give the complexion a fresh, healthy glow. Assist with Cuticura Ointment when necessary.

Soap 1s., Talcum 1s. 3d., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold everywhere. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E.C.1. Cuticura Products Are Reliable.

GREY HAIR

HINDES HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers. 2/6 the Flask.

HINDES, Ltd., 1, Tabernacle Street, City, London.



DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

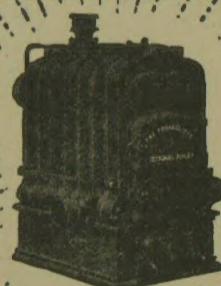
In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE

NEWTON, CHAMBERS

(& CO., LTD.),
Thorncliffe Ironworks, Near Sheffield.
Established 1793.

Telegrams: "NEWTON,
SHEFFIELD," Two Lines.

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS
OF HEATING APPARATUS.



C. Brandauer & Co.'s Ltd.

CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS



These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 9d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 10d. in stamps direct to the Works, Birmingham

London Warehouse: 124, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.

Oakey's "WELLINGTON" Knife Polish

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery, and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Canisters at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oimiers, &c.

Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E. 1.

DINARD, BRITTANY

THE ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND RESORT.

8 hours from Southampton 18-hole Golf.

The most equable climate.

The most reasonable terms.

CRYSTAL HOTEL, 1st class inclusive, from 35 fr.
MICHELET HOTEL, inclusive, from 25 to 35 fr.





The Secret of "Bobbed" Hair Beauty

HOW "HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL" WILL FEED,
STRENGTHEN AND BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR.

1,000,000 Hair-Beautifying and Hair-Growing Outfits FREE!

HERE is good news and a gracious gift of Hair Health and beauty for the "bobbed," those who think of "bobbing," and, indeed, all interested in their hair.

Women of all ages are having their hair "bobbed." In fact, there is ample evidence that "bobbing" is, or is becoming, "epidemic" to-day.

Some assert that "bobbing" is non-injurious to the hair. Some contend that it is helpful. Some, again, argue that it actually injures and ultimately destroys the hair.

Changes that often follow "Bobbing."

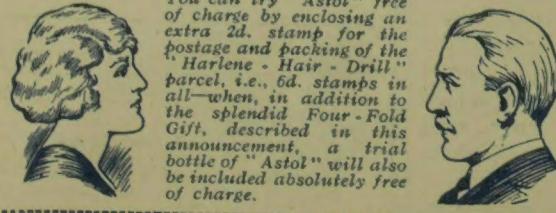
But—and it is a very important but—whether it be innocuous, injurious, or beneficial, there is no denying the fact that many things may, and often do, happen if and when the hair is cut short, in part or as a whole—suddenly. The texture and colour may both be affected and even altered. Sometimes it becomes dull or greyish coloured. In many cases there is no doubt that "bobbing" impoverishes the hair and accentuates, if it does not actually activate loss of quality as well as quantity, dullness, coarseness, loss of lustre, weakness, brittleness, and "falling out."

In all such cases, the adoption of "Harlene-Hair-Drill" is of the greatest value, and every woman interested in her hair—especially every woman who has "bobbed" hair, or is thinking of having her hair "bobbed"—will find in this wonderfully successful treatment a splendid tonic and food for the hair.

To assist all such women in particular, the announcement is made here to-day of a great Free Gift Distribution of no less than 1,000,000 "Harlene-Hair-Drill" Outfits containing everything necessary and ready for immediate use to make a week's Free Trial of this hair-protecting, hair-beautifying and hair-strengthening "drill."

IMPORTANT TO THE GREY-HAIRED!

If your hair is Grey, Faded, or quickly losing its colour you should try at once the wonderful new Liquid compound, "Astol," a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try "Astol" free of charge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for the postage and packing of the "Harlene-Hair-Drill" parcel, i.e., 6d. stamps in all—when, in addition to the splendid Four-Fold Gift, described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.



There is just that subtle and mysterious "something" in "Harlene-Hair-Drill" which the hair, especially "bobbed" hair, needs and craves for.

The Supreme Beautifier of the Hair.

Eccentricity may attract attention, but Beauty always and everywhere attracts and holds favourable attention and admiration. "Harlene-Hair-Drill" restores, creates and maintains Hair Beauty, and there is a fascination in beautiful hair that bewitches and captivates. If, as the poet says, "Beauty draws us with a single hair," how great must be the compelling charm and fascination of the "massed beauty" of "Harlene-Drilled" hair. No woman can afford to neglect such a precious adjunct to her toilet as "Harlene-Hair-Drill," which the most beautiful Society Queens and Stage Stars all use to-day as the *sine qua non* of hair loveliness and beauty. If such fastidious women commend it, who among women can afford to neglect it or regard the Free Gift Offer, made here and now, with indifference?

If you are thinking of "bobbing" your hair, if it is already "bobbed," if you are the victim of any hair trouble, or if you want to improve the quality and beauty of your hair, it will be well worth your while to accept this Free offer of a "Harlene" Outfit NOW.

"Harlene" for Men Also.

Men, too, find that "Harlene" prevents Scalp Irritation, Dryness, and a tendency to Baldness. It is no exaggeration to say that millions of men and women in all walks of life practise the refreshing and beneficial "Hair-Drill" daily and so preserve hair-health and beauty.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 1/6 per box of seven Shampoos (single packets 3d. each), and "Astol" Hair Colour Restorer at 3/- and 5/- per bottle from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

SEND THIS FORM NOW!

"HARLENE" FREE GIFT COUPON

Detach and Post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd.,
20, 22, 24, 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit, as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel.

I.L.News, 10/1/25.

NOTE TO READER.

Write full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

N.B.—If your hair is GREY enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all, and a FREE bottle of "Astol" Hair Colour Restorer will also be sent you.

